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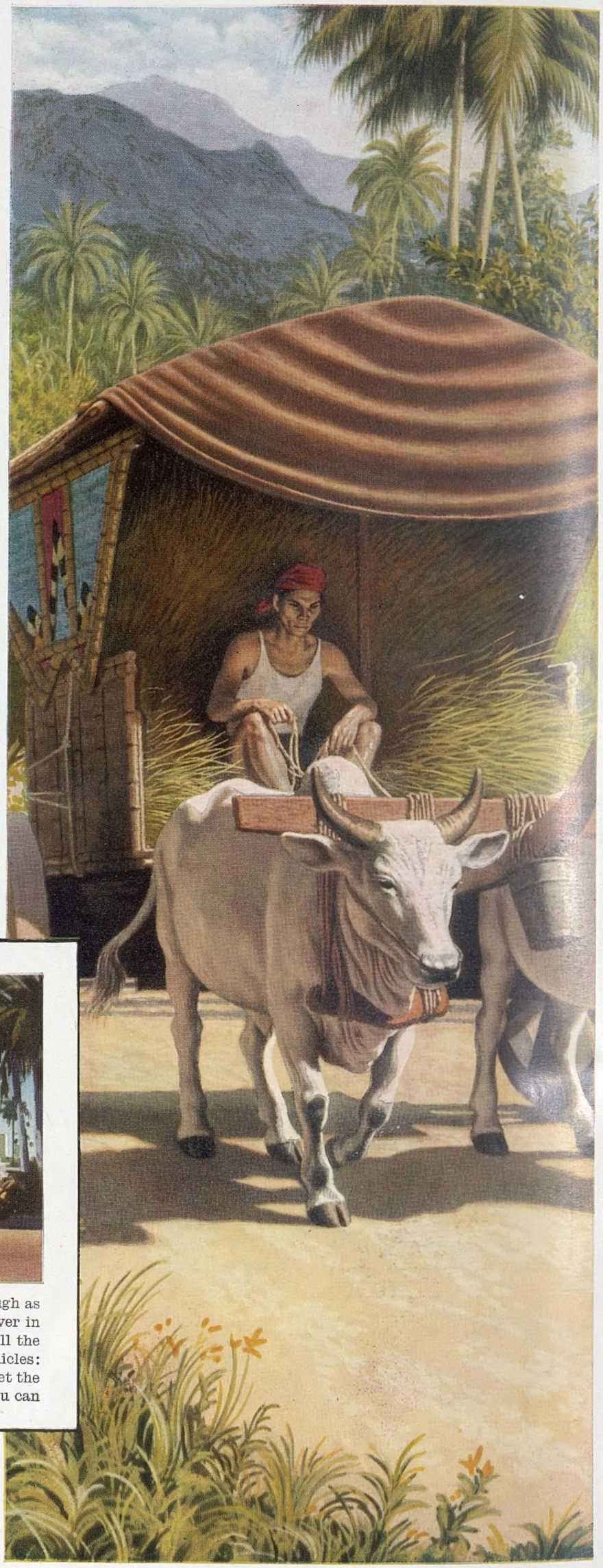

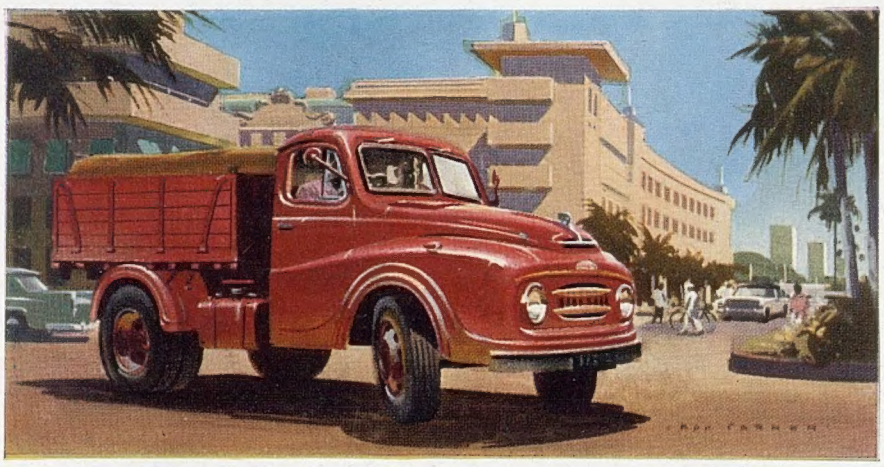

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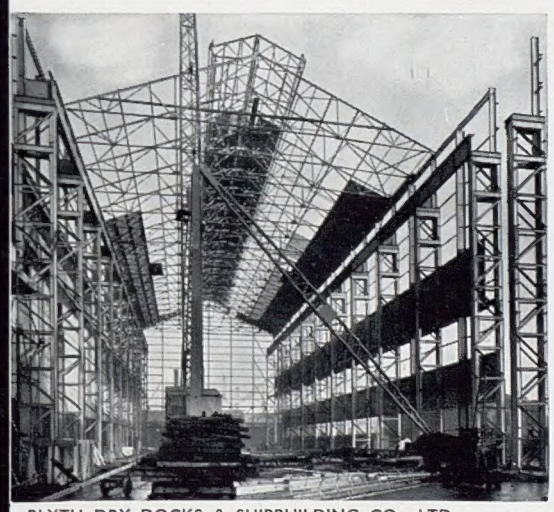

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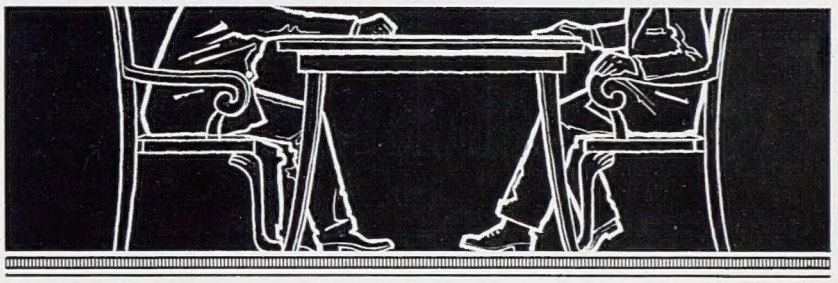

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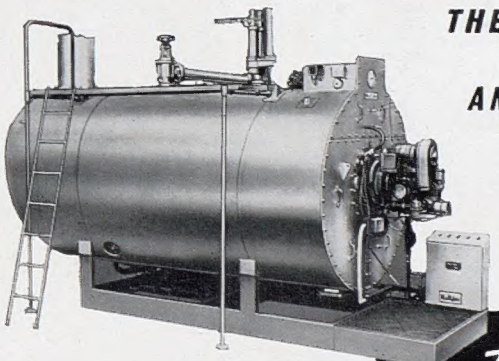

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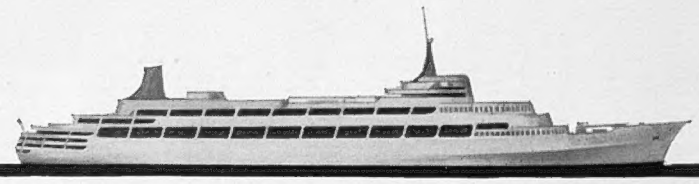

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Volume CCXL No. 3121

The SPHERE, London, March 26, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN AND THE BABY PRINCE—ONE OF THE FIRST OFFICIAL PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY'S SECOND SON: Wearing a white lace robe he is cradled in his mother's arms as he faces the camera in the Music Room of Buckingham Palace. The birth of the Prince was officially registered last Tuesday afternoon.

The first pictures of the five-week-old Prince were taken last week by Cecil Beaton just before the official registration of the birth. Both the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne were with their parents at the Palace and Mr. Beaton took a number of pictures of all five members of the Royal Family. On the following Saturday the Queen made her first appearance outside the Palace since the Royal birth on Friday, February 19. She drove to Windsor Castle for the day but returned to the Palace in the evening. In April the Queen and her husband are to welcome President de Gaulle who will be staying at the Palace during his State visit.

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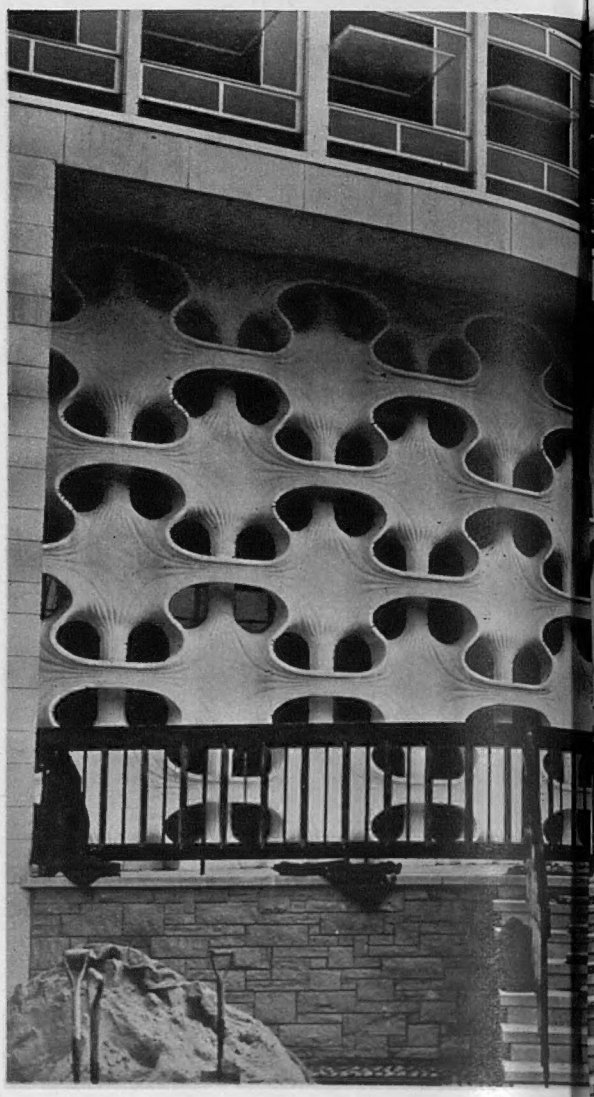


A NEW SYNAGOGUE IN LONDON: The view is of the interior of the new building at Edgware, in Middlesex. Replacing a temporary place of worship erected 29 years ago, the synagogue is one of the biggest to be built in Britain since the war. When especially large congregations are expected, the removable wall between the main synagogue and the community hall will be taken down, enabling 2,000 people to attend.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

The Things that Matter—Perhaps it is not so incredible as it sounds that a majority of the nation has been more interested in Butlin walks and marriage gossip, cup-finals and steeplechases than in any results which may come out of the resumed disarmament conference at Geneva. If any solid and unanimous advance towards agreement to limit the piling up of nuclear weapons emerged, it would be hailed as a turning-point in history, the best news for our Civilisation in the lifetime of living men. But the world is peopled by ordinary men and women, whose intelligence is limited, whose range of vision and imaginative scope are limited, and who are moved far more by a tragic event they see than by a holocaust in a far country. It is not to be expected that they can concentrate all their interest on a danger of which the implications are beyond their imagining and, still more, beyond the imagining of those experts who created it. All we know is that if by some miracle nuclear weapons ceased to be made and stored, the money saved thereby, and the suspicions and terrors removed thereby, would quickly remove the dangers of war, and that the only thing which at the moment prevents world war is that very thing they are trying to steer towards liquidation at Geneva. This is very muddling, so muddling that we turn from it as we turn from the most teasing crossword puzzle. It is beyond us. We turn thankfully to the football pages; we know something about the game; and to the racing pages; we think we are on to a winner at Aintree; and to stunts and peep-shows and wedding gossip, all of which are very much down our street. They let in a little humanity.

National Anthem—Lord Hailsham, in opening the debate in the Lords on the Defence White Paper, did not profess to be an expert on modern weapons nor to be a repository of all the top secrets of new mass-destruction inventions. He concentrated much of his argument on trouncing the Socialists for blind opposition to the White Paper when they could offer no constructive alternative and are themselves totally divided in opinion. Which is not odd, since on this subject of defence, the nation, the Government and the Opposition are all in a fog, all up to the neck in a shockingly expensive gamble in futures, with no clear idea of the margin between conventional and "unconventional" weapons, pretty sure that acceptedly conventional weapons could do the trick of world destruction, and all determined never to use the deadliest of all and the most expensive until our own fate is sealed with that of the rest of Civilisation. Muddled, terrified and distraught, all Governments must spend uncountable millions which, better used, could remove half the causes of war, in frightening "war-mongers" who exist only in the imagination of their more terrified or vulnerable neighbours. There is no opposition in any Parliament, in any nation, in any part of our Civilisation, to world peace, but there is no hope of that save in the remote dream of a world government with adequate sanctions. It was apt, then, that Lord Hailsham should say that a vague prayer for peace is the only significant prayer in world affairs and to call attention to the outworn verses of our National Anthem. He has something there. Our National Anthem is not only shockingly bad doggerel but absurdly out of date. It was well enough to ask God to scatter our enemies and confound their politics and knavish tricks, when we could usefully assist Him with gunboats. Now we can only repose our hopes of Peace on Heaven unassisted, and a revision of the worst verses of the doggerel is certainly overdue. Mass choirs singing nonsense rhymes on patriotic occasions are an undignified manifestation of muddle-headedness.

Guillebaud—The Government, in accepting in principle the findings of the Guillebaud Report, surprised nobody and satisfied the Opposition in affirming that fair and reasonable wages must be paid to workers in the industry, that reduction of uneconomic services must be pressed on, and something done to secure relief from capital charges for the Commission. How strange it is that nothing but the threat of a strike will ever move a Government to see bare justice done. The tax-payer now and always must expect to be the chief source of relief for an essential public service, in the fare and freight charges it pays, in the proportion extracted of its tax contribution to national needs, in the sacrifices it is called on to suffer in what remains to it of its former confident investment in Rail stocks and in its willingness to accept further privations in the service offered. The tax-payer, therefore, is entitled to look more closely into Mr. Macmillan's announcement. Time seems to us the essence of the matter. How much longer will avenues be explored and working parties launched and new National Boards created before the advised remedies begin to work? Will the Government stand aloof from discussions between the Commission and the Unions on the new wage agreements? Certainly the Unions do not want it to butt in. The old umbrella which all Governments put up—Commissions of Inquiry—has not kept the railways from being waterlogged. Five years ago, decentralisation was the *sine qua non* of salvation. No one has yet considered if it could work. For a decade the Commission has borne a charmed life. What is the use of finding at last an efficient Transport Minister if he cannot, with the help of his department, be trusted to settle some of these matters without calling in once more Q.C.s and other laymen? The tax-payer expects to pay at once the bill for "reasonable wages," and at once to suffer further "inconveniences"; but also expects to wait, as he has long waited, for something on account to liquidate his enormous subventions to a bankrupt industry which cannot hope in his lifetime to get its discharge.

Over-confidence?—Pessimism cuts no ice, but over-confidence may still be dangerous. I confess that I am often amazed by the confident predictions of so many in authority in every walk of life to-day. For years ahead, we are going to have it better and better. I should have supposed that our probes among the planets would already have given us a humbler and more diffident notion of the importance of our own little globule, but, on the contrary, it has become the sun of the universe and source of all inspiration, and, nearer home, we begin to talk as if our small island can prosper for ever without drawing vitality from all the other nations. Where does the money come from? Only from the sweat of our brows; and not many of us to-day are asking to be allowed to work longer hours for less pay. On the contrary, I expect that Oliver Twists will be strident this very year. How can we earn it? By selling our goods and services abroad. We are assured that the motor industry, for one example, is still in its production infancy. Millions more cars will crowd the roads before we have roads. Those new cars, surplus to our export demands, will be fought for at home. Average wages were never so high, personal savings soar (and so also does personal debt on the "never-never"); the cost of living is steady (but how many necessities and essential services can you list as being cheaper than five years ago?). Government expenditure soars—"we can take it in our stride." True, it is our overseas markets that matter most. Whose money is going to enable the "new" nations to buy our cars and gadgets. Yours and mine. We must first develop them. And how independent are we of a sudden wave of pessimism, let alone a depression, in another country? America, for instance: ask the Stock Exchange. And if an attack of bile in the U.S.A. can lose us paper millions in a day, how much more deadly might be one of those sudden "incidents," say, at Formosa, the Israel border or Berlin, which start as a bubble and blow up to balloon size. I confess that I sometimes tremble over these over-confident assurances that we need not fear the history of the last sombre half-century repeating itself with everlasting shocks, snags, setbacks and surprises.

A CHURCH AS PART OF AN OFFICE BLOCK: *Left*—The new exterior of the main entrance of Christ Church, in Westminster Bridge Road, London, has unusual tracery work covering a glass frontage. *Right*—Behind the original spire, called the Lincoln Tower—since the building was erected with the help of American funds—stretches the new office block, the contractors for which are Richard Costain Limited. The building incorporates part of the church. Christ Church was badly damaged during the war. It is due to be reopened on April 2.

In Fine—Most magistrates would, on its face, have welcomed Lord Swaythling's Private Bill to step up all existing fines for trivial offences by multiplying them by five as a maximum. When those fines were fixed, a £2 maximum fine was a punishment. It used up more than a week's average wage. To-day a teenager can pay it without distress or deterrent effect. But the Bill was too much simplified, and a comprehensive measure must concern itself as much with trivial offences concerned as with the fines necessary to deter. Many of them are totally museum-pieces, others have become far more serious in implication than a £10 fine would cover as deterrent. A nuisance caused by feeding a cab-horse untidily is no longer likely to occur, soliciting on city streets has recently been regarded as "worth more" than £10. The Home Office is aware of both the need to step up deterrents and to weed out antiquated offences and is exploring avenues. Therefore the Government is right in rejecting Lord Swaythling's Bill until it can (and without long delay) offer a more comprehensive and up-to-date Measure. An Act of Pains and Penalties, rational and up to date, is one thing (and a good thing, too); to secure its enforcement is another and harder task. We don't get much further in preventing or deterring litter fiends with such regulations as sporadically exist to-day. The listed offences in any new Bill must first be *accepted as offences* by the nation. That calls in the Minister of Education to work ahead of the Home Secretary, at any rate before any litter or noise deterrent measure will be effective. Laws are not enforced without willing witnesses to prove infractions.

DEATH OF MR. P. J. HOME

Percy J. Home, who died on Monday of last week at the age of eighty-six, devoted the greater part of his life to *The Sphere*. In 1899 he joined Mr. Clement Shorter, who was then planning *The Sphere*, and was on the editorial staff from the first issue of Jan. 27, 1900. He was Art Editor from September 1926 until he retired in September 1947. Throughout the years, readers of *The Sphere* became familiar with his signature through the numerous water-colour sketches which he contributed. Even after his retirement and in his declining years, he continued to submit sketches and ideas for editorial treatment.

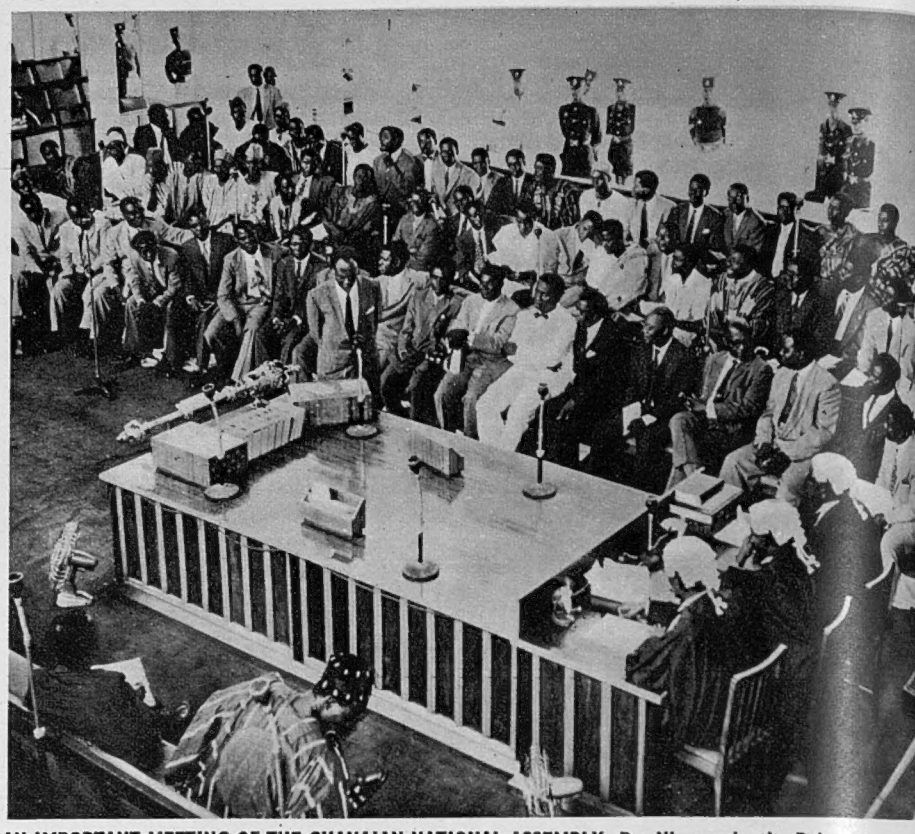
Death to the Fox—Nobody knows as yet who or what to blame for the alarming increase in fox disease which has spread west, north and south from East Anglia and threatens to become as deadly as the rabbit disease, whose name I can never spell. Some say it comes from America, where it is well known. (The Oxford Union think many nasty things come over here from America.) Others think it may come from a vaccine used against distemper in dogs. It is not the first time that a mysterious fox disease has attacked foxes. Over sixty years ago, such a disease was noted and not accounted for. Already several Hunts have closed down for the season and at least thirty have found clear signs of the plague in their countries. Poultry-keepers may welcome it. Probably the enemies of hunting, if consideration for animals is their prime objective (and not a distaste for "the unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable"), will be as sorry as the foxhunters, for if this fox disease is as apparently cruel a form of death as "myxo," hunting the fox must be a humane substitute, since it leaves the victim a loophole. Happily, there are indications that some foxes have already developed resistance to the disease. I hope so. I would rather see rabbits than foxes in my walks abroad, but I would rather see foxes than nothing whatever that is wild and four-footed on the ground, and that is the direction to which we are travelling with the farmers and the subtopians, allied with Nature at its cruellest. Meanwhile, as a year's record shows, death to the fox has been successfully pressed on by Man as well as Nature. Pest officer Saul has slain his thousands and David, M.F.H., his ten thousands.

The Dangers of Speed—I have sometimes sympathised with "Saki's" old friend and cricket-fan who died in the pavilion: "Two inches of rain had fallen for seven runs and it was thought that the excitement killed him." Much less rain fell on the third day of the Test Match at Georgetown, but, all the same, in a full day's play, less forty minutes, the West Indians scored only 107 runs, and only 31 runs in the morning's play. Even 20 runs an hour is slow going for most of us. But no bottles were thrown. The spectators, all keen cricketers, admired the admirable bowling and fielding of our team and quite appreciated the folly of their batsmen taking risks in a contest of such world-wide importance. Not being a master of the finer points of the game, I have long preferred to watch village rather than Test cricket. F. J. G. Ford and Jessop stimulated my keen interest in the game, and some of their finest fireworks were let off when the "express-deliverers" of their day were on top of their form. They had every reason to take cricket seriously when world wars and revolutions were unknown. We, in our nuclear age and era of space travel, have not. The cricket ball should look smaller to us. Instead it has been magnified to the size of Venus, and we take our pleasures more anxiously every year. We have gone in to the final Test "dormy." That does certainly not encourage our depleted batting-side to take risks, since another draw will ensure us a rare victory. It may, I hope, induce the West Indians to go all out for a win to save themselves from final defeat.

We Have Been Warned—London and the South Coast are to have it better than ever this summer. Advance bookings and inquiries already forecast a "new high" in holiday-makers from abroad and from the north. And most of them, one way or another, will use the roads and move about. As for London, whose season still begins in May, at least for tourists, the hotels are already turning prospects away for the period of Princess Margaret's wedding. On the south and south-west coast, the main roads are improving to the standard of "fair," the secondary and by-roads are still under standard. The "perambulation" of the New Forest—that "miraculous survival of pre-Norman England"—has an area of more than 100 square miles still open to public enjoyment. This summer it won't be large enough to hold the campers and caravanners and won't look "pre-Norman." Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight both expect record bookings; and those who, having gained "status" expensively by one foreign tour, find it more economical to fend for themselves "under the shade of (English) melancholy boughs," will soon enough tax our open spaces to capacity. Incidentally, a famous local long-term weather forecaster prophesies a rather grim summer, with only two shortish periods of fine weather. Dartmoor (200 square miles) and Exmoor, too, are nice large open spaces, and they will absorb the overspill to capacity. My own house is surrounded on three sides by the pre-Norman New Forest and I expect to be in a state of siege from May to October. Subject to certain conditions, I favour campers and caravanners, but am not so warm about casual motorists. They drive their cars into my hedges, block my gates into the Forest, take all their clothes off, turn on their gramophones or wireless, scatter their surplus foodstuffs in their original greasy paper and cartons through their car-windows (half-eaten pork-pies in their original wrappings are particularly unsightly and hard to bury); and generally enjoy a day in the country more than I do. It is their privilege to do so. They are privileged people, and *noblesse oblige* is not recognised by them as an implication of privilege. So the Forest will be "post-Norman" for five months or more and the roads are likely to be a meritorious imitation of Oxford Street in the rush-hour.

THE OLD STAGER

A MEETING OF CHIEFS IN THE VOLTA REGION OF GHANA: Seated among their retainers are the chiefs of Akwamu, in Southern Ghana, and of Dormaa, Western Ashanti. Last week it was alleged there was a plot to incorporate Ghanaian territory in Togoland.



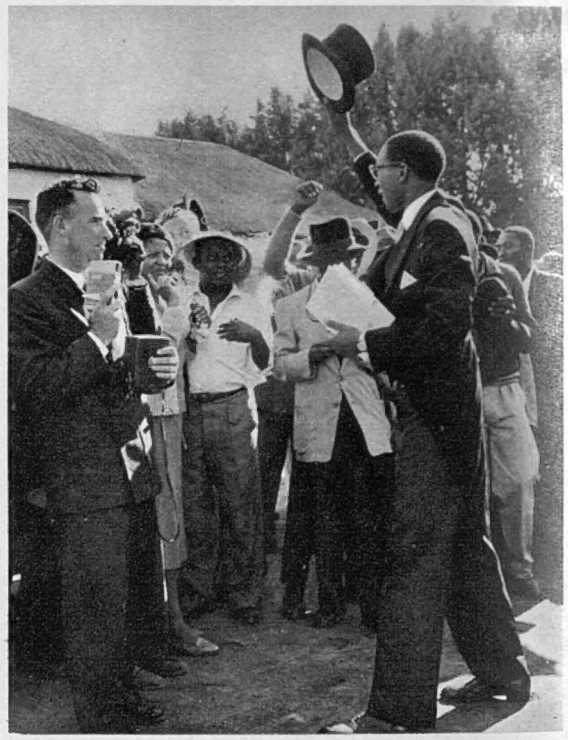
AN IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE GHANAIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, asks the House to approve the motion that Ghana become a republic. The Ghana Parliament voted for the proposal, which will now be subject to a plebiscite.

AFRICAN POLITICAL EVENTS

The Alleged Togoland Plot and the Proposals for a Republic in Ghana; Advances Towards Self-government in Basutoland

Two events of great importance to Ghana took place last week. On March 15, the Ghanaian Government sent a Note to the French Government alleging that a document purporting to be a draft constitution for the Republic of Togoland and defining an area of Ghanaian territory was being circulated in Togoland. On April 27, Togoland, a United Nations Trust Territory administered by the French, is due to become independent. The Note said: "Ghana is bound to take a more serious view of this matter in that it has also information that certain steps are being taken in the territory of Togoland with a view to creating disturbances in Ghana." The Government promised to take all necessary action to stop any attempts to create disturbances and prevent any armed incursions from Togoland. Fourteen people were arrested the following day for conspiring to conduct a campaign of violence and civil disturbance. Later, orders were made for the preventive detention of twelve others then in Togoland, including an Opposition member of the Ghanaian Parliament and four chiefs. The border area between the two countries is to be strengthened.

The second event of importance was the National Assembly's approval of the motion to make Ghana a republic within the Commonwealth. The proposals, which would give the country an executive President, will be the subject of a plebiscite on April 19 and 22.



THE PARAMOUNT CHIEFTAIN OF BASUTOLAND: Dressed in a morning suit, Chief Bereng Seeiso acknowledges the cheers of his subjects as he leaves the Council Chamber after its opening. His installation as the new constitutional ruler of Basutoland took place on March 12. Chief Bereng Seeiso attended the first meeting of the new National Council. In his speech he expressed confidence that the Basuto people would make a success of the new constitution.

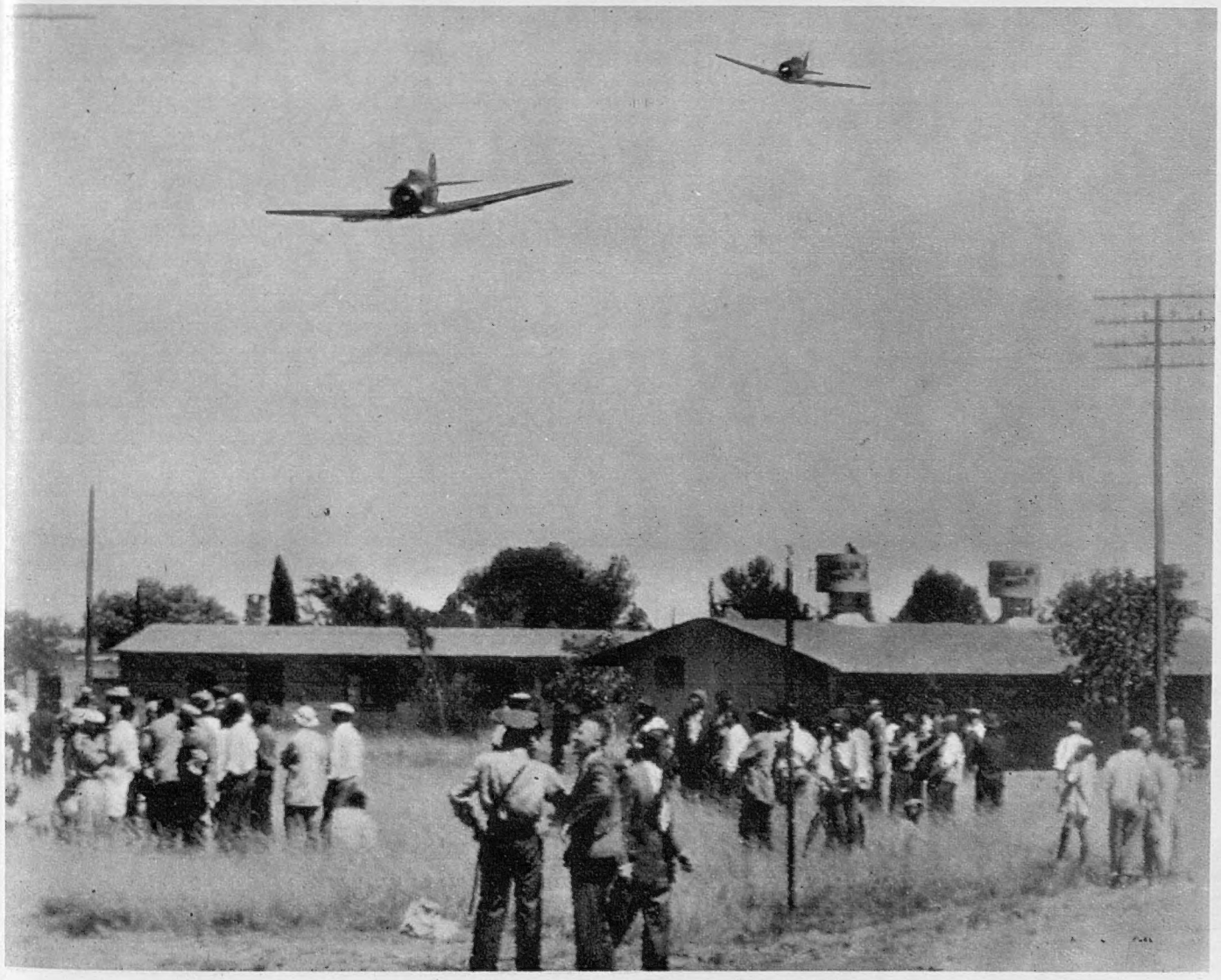
ADVANCES IN BASUTOLAND: The general view shows the tribal gathering, known as the Great Pitso, which took place to mark the installation of a new Paramount Chief of Basutoland and the opening of the new National Council. It was estimated that the crowd numbered over 70,000, more than one-tenth of the total population. *Right*—Mr. Ntsou Mokhehle, the leader of the National Congress Party, takes the oath at the opening of the National Council. His party holds 29 of the 40 elected seats in the Council and has strong African Nationalist views. There is an avowed intention of achieving responsible government in Basutoland within the next ten years. The new Council has a total of 80 members, 40 being nominated or ex-officio members. These comprise 22 principal and ward chiefs, 14 nominees of the Paramount Chief, and 4 European Government representatives. The other 40 are elected through the district councils, themselves elected by universal suffrage. The Council has legislative powers in all matters except defence, internal security and related minor questions.

DEAD AND WOUNDED AT SHARPEVILLE: Casualties lie on the ground in the African suburb of Vereeniging. A mass demonstration by Africans against the new pass law turned into a riot and police who were besieged in a police station opened fire. Police also fired on rioters in the township of Langa, near Cape Town. First reports gave the total casualties from both places as 63 men, women and children dead and 191 wounded.

SOUTH AFRICAN RIOTS

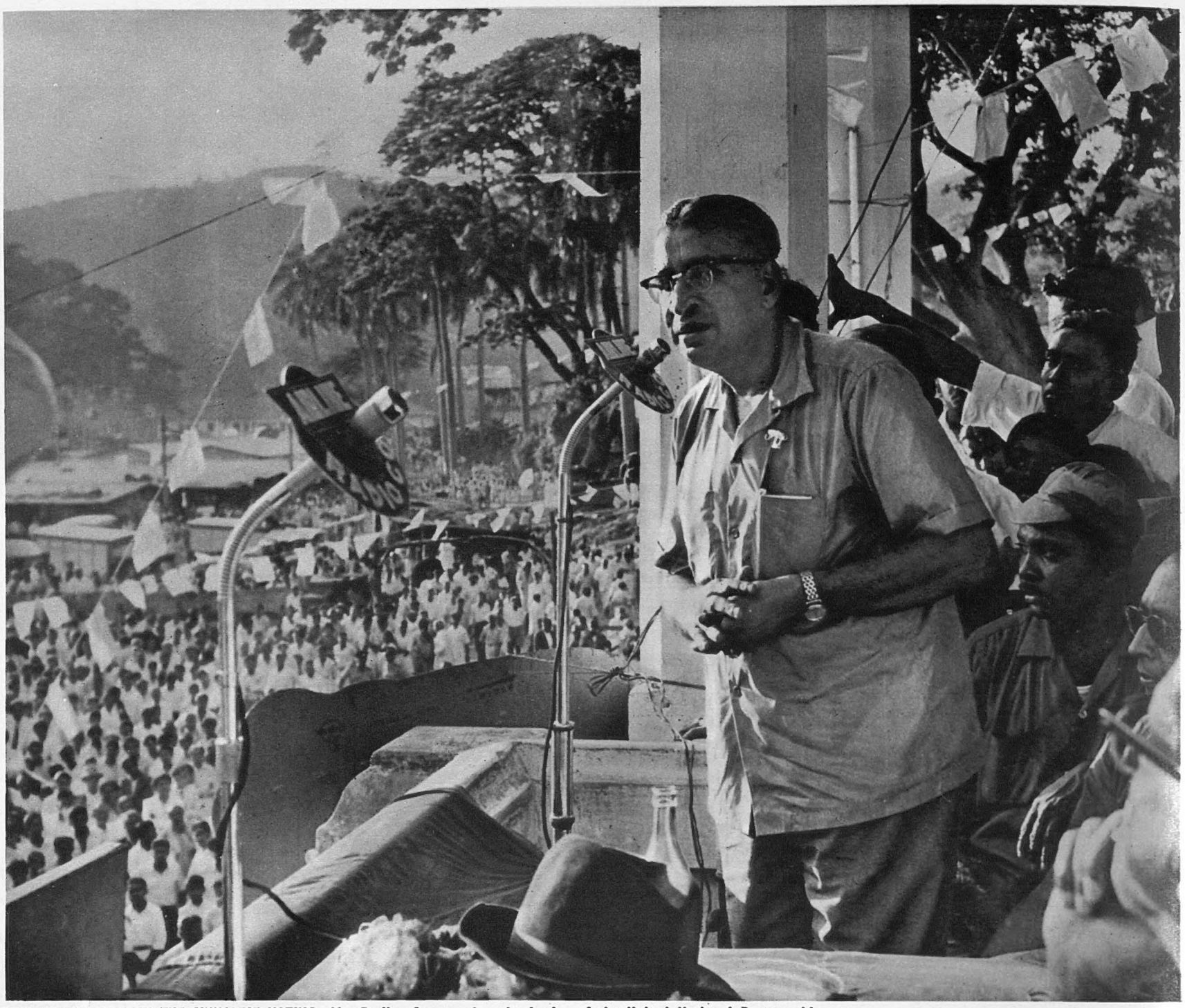
Battles and Bloodshed in Two Areas

Monday last, March 21, was the day of the introduction of the pass system for Africans in the Union of South Africa. This forces every African to carry a pass and forbids him to move from one locality to another in search of work. The extremist Pan-African movement had set aside the day for protests against the pass law. In two places demonstrations turned into riots of the bloodiest nature. In the Sharpeville suburb of Vereeniging, south of Johannesburg, a frenzied mob surrounded the police station in which there was a force of sixty men. Efforts by South African Air Force aircraft flying low to scare away the crowds further enraged the demonstrators. The besieged police opened fire and fifty-six people, including women and children, were reported killed and 162 wounded. Eye-witnesses likened the carnage to a World War battlefield. In the Cape area at Langa police fire was reported to have caused seven dead and twenty-nine wounded. In Cape Town Dr. Verwoerd, the South African Prime Minister, declared that the police had been forced to open fire on the rioters in both places.



On left—

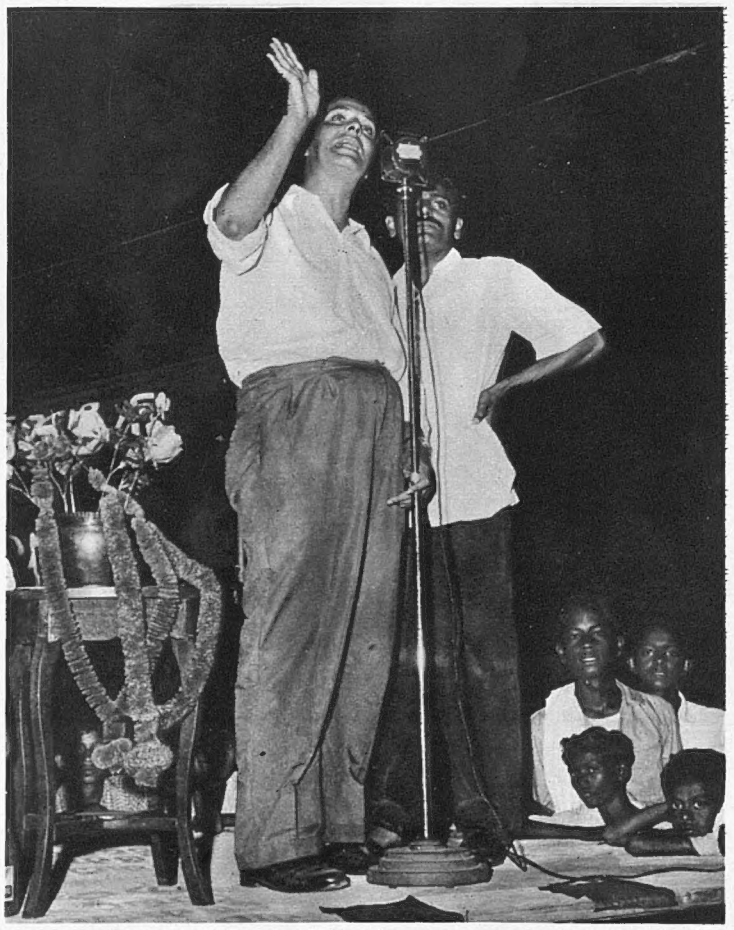
AIRCRAFT FLY LOW: Sabre jet fighters of the South African Air Force dive over a crowd of Africans during the demonstration at Sharpeville. The aircraft apparently added to the rage of the vast crowd.



HEAD OF THE POLL IN THE SINHALESE VOTING: Mr. Dudley Senanayake, the leader of the United National Party, addresses a huge crowd in Kandy at a meeting winding-up his campaign before the General Election. In the polling last Saturday his party, which is regarded as Right-Wing and pro-Western, won fifty of the 151 of the contested seats in the House of Representatives. The only other party to receive solid support was another Right-Wing group, the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, which has forty-six seats. This was formed by Mr. Bandanaraike, the Prime Minister who was assassinated, and was led in its election campaign by his widow and by Mr. P. de Silva. Mr. Dahanayake, caretaker Prime Minister since the murder of Mr. Bandanaraike, lost his seat and only four of his Democratic Party, formed just before the election, were returned to the House of Representatives.

THE ELECTION IN CEYLON

A Resounding Victory for the Right-Wing Parties



THE COMMUNIST LEADER: Mr. Pieter Keuneman speaks at a pre-election meeting in Colombo. In common with the other Left-Wing parties, the Communists lost a great deal of ground as a result of the Election.

WATCHING THE RESULTS IN LONDON: Students are in high spirits as the results are put up in the Ceylon Students' Centre. Meanwhile, in Ceylon, Mr. Dahanayake had handed in his resignation as Prime Minister. Mr. Dudley Senanayake was called on to form a Government.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

NEW FLOODS AT FREJUS: Water from the swollen River Reyran has inundated fields outside the town on the French Riviera. Last December Fréjus suffered a catastrophic disaster when the nearby Malpasset Dam collapsed. About 50,000,000 cubic yards of water roared down the valley and overwhelmed an area of ten square miles. The death-roll was over 300 and damage to property estimated at more than £20,000,000.

A PROTEST BY AGRICULTURISTS IN ITALY: Farmers in trailers are drawn by tractors in Avezzano, about 45 miles east of Rome. It was reported that they were protesting against what they termed a "Government monopoly" of the land in the locality, much of which is in the area of a reclaimed lake. The farmers demonstrated outside the office of the Government Land Reclamation Department.

NEGRO ACTION AGAINST SEGREGATION IN THE UNITED STATES: A number of coloured students are held in a wire stockade at Orangeburg, in Georgia. They were among 450 who had been arrested in the town for taking part in demonstrations against the colour bar in the southern States of the U.S.A. Last week there were reports from many places of negro campaigns against segregation. An interesting feature was that they often took the form of non-violent action and were plainly modelled on the methods of Mahatma Gandhi in South Africa and India earlier in this century. A favourite tactic was to be seen at luncheon counters where seats are reserved only for whites. The Negroes would occupy these seats and remain quietly in them until arrested. Each group of demonstrators was well-disciplined under a leader, although there seemed to be no central organisation responsible.

PASTORS PROTEST: Two Baptist ministers, the Rev. W. T. Walker (left) and the Rev. R. G. Williams, enter the Federal Court in Richmond, Virginia, to seek an injunction against segregation in a public library.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF SARAWAK: Sir Alexander Waddell inspects a guard of honour outside the Government Buildings in Miri. It was his first visit as Governor to the oil town in Borneo. His appointment was announced last June in succession to Sir Anthony Abell. Sir Alexander, who was created K.C.M.G. on his appointment, had been Deputy Governor of Sierra Leone for over a year. He entered the Colonial Service in 1937. From 1947 to 1952 he was the Principal Assistant Secretary in Malaya. Then he moved to Gambia as Colonial Secretary.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE LAW OF THE SEA: Representatives of eighty-four nations are gathered for the opening session of the talks in Geneva. The British delegation headed by Mr. John Hare, the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, is expected to play a leading part in the deliberations in which it is hoped for agreement on the question of territorial waters. As a mark of good intentions, British trawlers were withdrawn from the disputed areas round Iceland before the opening of the conference. It was anticipated that delegates would probably consider three plans, one proposing a twelve-mile limit and the others six-mile limits.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AUSTRALIAN RIDERS PREPARE FOR THE EQUESTRIAN OLYMPICS: At Aldershot, the horses are allowed to roll in the sand at the end of their exercises. There are five riders in the Australian squad, who started their training in Britain in January. From them four will be selected to form the Australian equestrian team for the Olympic Games in Rome this summer. One of the five took part in the 1956 Games, as did the coach for the team and the manager who is due to arrive in England this month. As part of their training, the Australian team are to appear in various shows in Britain. According to official sources in Australia, the whole Australian team for the Games may exceed 150 members, instead of the 120 originally planned. The swimming team of thirty-two is the biggest ever to be sent overseas by Australia.

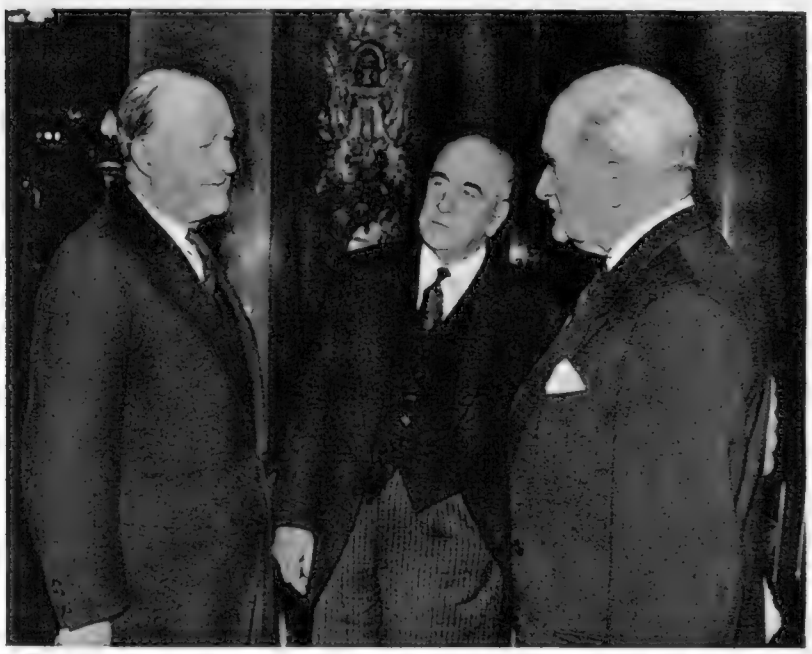
THE LAST STEAM LOCOMOTIVE FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS: Inside Swindon Locomotive Works, Mr. K. W. C. Grand, a member of the British Transport Commission, unveils the name-plate of the locomotive, called appropriately "Evening Star." It is a heavy freight engine with ten coupled wheels, and is the last of a line of famous locomotives built at Swindon for the Great Western and the Western Region. One of the first engines commissioned by the G.W.R. 125 years ago was called "Evening Star." In future the new locomotives will be diesel or electric.

SELLING CHRISTIAN LITERATURE IN A BATTERSEA MARKET: The Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, is seen blessing a barrow which has been converted into a religious bookstall in Northcote Road, south-west London. The stall is financed by a group of local Anglican and Free Churches and will be staffed on Fridays and Saturdays by clergy, ministers and lay-people from the participating churches. They will sell a range of religious books, as well as children's books in cheap editions. After he had blessed the stall last week Dr. Stockwood went behind the counter and sold the first books to Mrs. E. Partridge, the wife of the M.P. for Battersea South.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW FOR A CITY CHURCH: The Bishop of London, Dr. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, centre foreground, dedicates the Fifth Army (1916-18) memorial window in St. Peter's upon Cornhill. General Sir Hubert Gough, who commanded the Fifth Army in the Great War and who is now president of the Fifth Army Old Comrades' Association, was present at the dedication service. The window commemorates "The men of Gough's Fifth Army, who laid down their lives in the defence of freedom." Incorporated in its design are St. Paul's and Avignon Cathedrals.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TRAINING TO BE RECEPTIONISTS FOR GHANA AIRWAYS: In London, from left to right, are Miss Alice Laryea, Mrs. Lucy Panford, Miss Mabel Quartey, Miss Cecilia Provensal, Miss Patience Ocansey, Miss Gladys Daniels, Miss Janet Ntansah, Miss Jerrima Adusah, and Miss Esther Botchway (in her uniform), who is a stewardess for Ghana Airways. The eight girls arrived last week to start a two-month training period, including courses at the Cherry Marshall Model School and at London Airport and the B.O.A.C. Cabin Services Training School.



A RECEPTION TO MEET SIR WILLIAM SLIM: From left to right are Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary; Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner in London; and Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, formerly Governor-General of Australia. The occasion was a reception at Australia House in London, given by Sir Eric and Lady Harrison. Also present were Lady Slim, members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Agents-General for the Australian States, and members of the Government.

BOWING TO THE QUEEN MOTHER: In the Royal Albert Hall in London, a graduate faces Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother during the ceremony for the presentation of degrees. Her Majesty is dressed in her robes as Chancellor of the University of London. She was received on her arrival by Dr. C. F. Harris, the Vice-Chancellor. The long procession of 1,459 graduates took an hour and three-quarters to file past. Afterwards, the Queen Mother attended the Presentation Day service in Westminster Abbey.

On left—

LORD DUNROSSIL IN ADELAIDE: Paying his first visit to the city since he took office earlier this year, the Australian Governor-General precedes his wife down the steps from the aircraft on arrival at the airport. He opened Adelaide's Arts Festival, drawing a parallel with the Edinburgh Festival on which it is based. A few days before flying to Adelaide, Lord Dunrossil outlined the varied legislative programme of the Federal Government when he formally opened the second session of the twenty-third Australian Parliament in Canberra.

PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PLYMOUTH: Mr. H. A. Acheson (left), of New York, President of the Acheson Organisation, presents a silver standing salt to the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, Councillor P. N. Washbourn. The traditional piece of ceremonial plate was given to the city by Acheson Colloids Limited to mark the company's golden jubilee and its fifty years' association with Plymouth. Motifs in the design of the salt include many historical symbols associated with the seaport. Above the base is the globe incorporated in the arms of Sir Francis Drake. On the bowl are the symbols of Plymouth Castle. The cover is supported by three lions wearing collars in the form of a naval crown, a reminder of the link with Devonport. The cover is a finial in chased silver forming the arms of Plymouth.

"THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES" ART EXHIBITION IN LONDON: At the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, visitors to the preview examine some of the works being shown by art students from all over Britain. The exhibition remains open until April 2. There are 323 paintings and drawings, and 42 sculptures from 32 contributing art schools. Many of the pictures are large abstracts, showing the influence of contemporary American painters. At the same time, some of the works show a revolt against this trend in present-day art. Many of the critics who visited the exhibition emphasised that a number of the works on show were derivative.

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THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A DRAMATIC MEETING IN NEW YORK: Mr. Ben-Gurion and Dr. Adenauer talk in a hotel. They both happened to be passing through New York. It was the first time the Chiefs of Government of Israel and West Germany had met, and the occasion was described as dramatic and "deeply moving." Both issued statements afterwards. The Chancellor paid tribute to Mr. Ben-Gurion's "statesmanship and steadfastness" and referred to West Germany's mutual co-operation with and support for Israel. The Israeli Premier declared that "Germany to-day is not the Germany of yesterday" From New York Mr. Ben-Gurion flew to London where he met, at Downing Street, Mr. Macmillan.

A CALLER AT THE WHITE HOUSE: Dr. Adenauer is received by President Eisenhower. They agreed that "preservation of the freedom of the people of West Berlin and their right of self-determination must underlie any future agreement affecting the city."

On right—

MR. MACMILLAN ON AFRICA: The Prime Minister addresses a meeting at Central Hall, Westminster, organised by the Commonwealth and Empire Industries Association. His 45-minute speech to a packed audience of 3,800, including over a thousand in "overflow" rooms, was a review of his recent African tour. Speaking about the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Mr. Macmillan assured the Europeans living there on their security and rights.

FILM STARS ON STRIKE IN HOLLYWOOD: Mr. Ronald Reagan, the actor, talks to his wife, Nancy, and fellow-actor Mr. James Cagney before a meeting of the Film Actors' Guild. About 14,000 members of the Guild came out on strike about three weeks ago, affecting seven of the eight major film studios and delaying work on over 100 films. They demanded a share in the proceeds of all films made after 1948 and since sold to television. The major studio unaffected has come to terms with its actors.

AN ANCIENT GREEK COLONY ON THE PERSIAN GULF? Excavations are in progress on the island of Failaka, off the coast of Kuwait. It has been recently reported that Danish archæologists digging here are of the opinion that this was the site of a colony founded by the Greeks in the days of Alexander the Great. The outlines of streets and well-preserved remains of buildings have been unearthed. Pottery and metal-work have been dug up. One opinion inclines to the view that Failaka was the colony of Ikaros, mentioned by Arrian, the historian who chronicled Alexander's campaigns about 200 years after they had taken place, and an inscribed stone found at Failaka may have been erected by him. Alexander certainly marched through Persia on his way to India.

THE ASWAN HIGH DAM THREATENS NUBIAN ANTIQUITIES: The tombs, dating back many centuries, are in the desert near Addeh Fortress, not far away from the River Nile. The building of the Aswan High Dam, which is now proceeding, will mean that a huge area upstream will be flooded. The waters will cover prehistoric remains and magnificent relics of Pharonic, Meroitic, Græco-Roman, Byzantine and Islamic cultures. One of the famous temples which may be destroyed is that of Abu Simbel, the documentation of which is nearing completion. The preservation of this temple alone would cost over £15,000,000 according to experts. Unesco has recently launched an international appeal to raise funds for preserving some of the monuments and to allow a thorough investigation of others which are impossible to save.

World Affairs

THE ONLY RATIONAL OBJECTIVES

By JOHN CONNELL

LAST week saw the beginning of the first major, concerted effort to break the deadlock over disarmament which has persisted now for some three years. Delegates of ten nations—Britain, France, the U.S.A., Canada and Italy on the Western side, the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania from the Communist bloc—assembled in Geneva to address themselves to a task which is an essential preliminary to the Summit Conference in May, and which may make that latter gathering either a reality or a chilly and perilous fraud.

Disarmament to a man of my generation is a grimly evocative word; all the memories which it conjures up are streaked with pathos, irony and indignation. We recall Arthur Henderson's pale, flat, sad face, a ballet called *The Green Table*, the drone of Nazi bombers over London in the winter night, our friends that are dead and our youth that is vanished. It was a cruel mirage thirty years ago. Is it going to have any more substance this time ?

Yet even as we ask this question, we have to admit that, if now the hopes of disarmament are delusive, the likelihood of a third major conflict in our century is gravely increased, and that such a conflict will be of a character which will make it unlikely that many of the human race will survive, and that those survivors will be diseased, stunted, probably crazy savages, stumbling about a scorched and barren planet. In face of such a prospect, cynical nostalgia is a luxury which we cannot afford.

I still believe that this is a disaster, however, which will not happen: but as the weapons pile up, larger, more fantastic and more fearsome, month by month, on the other side, the necessity of taking practical steps to prevent its happening become more and more urgent.

A few days before the opening of the Geneva Conference a remarkable speech was made in the House of Lords in London. The speaker was not some solitary, pacifist crank, or a bitterly disillusioned and perhaps despairing armaments expert. He was a man at the fount and focus of contemporary power in this country, Lord Hailsham, the Lord Privy Seal and Minister for Science. In the post which he occupies he cannot but have access to every defence document and every most secret Cabinet paper. His words, therefore, were invested with a remarkable weight of knowledge, authority and responsibility.

He said : " When I contemplate the hideous weapons on both sides, which even in my partially informed state I know to have been invented, I regard either a world authority or total disarmament in the long run as the only rational objectives. I believe that the creation of a world authority is the more rational solution. I am solemnly convinced that either humanity must find a means of abolishing or controlling these weapons . . . or sooner or later a situation will arise, sometime, somewhere, when one will go off. That will give rise to a chain reaction none the less predictable because its causes will be in the realm of politics rather than physics. It may be fifty years hence, not ten. But my own youngest child is eight, and I would wish him to live to a ripe old age and wish that we may bequeath to him a state of the world which will permit him to do so."

Lord Hailsham, ever since I first heard of him as an undergraduate at Oxford, has always been one of the outstanding men of my generation; he speaks in terms which I find not only comprehensible, but profoundly sympathetic. This speech of his was a crystallisation of all my own hopes, fears and deep convictions. But, indeed, I find it difficult to believe that he spoke only for a few, that every sane man or woman in this country, and throughout the civilised world, does not hope and pray that any and every child of eight will have his or her chance to enjoy a full and happy term of life.

Is not this the meaning of all we learned as growing people between the two wars, of all that we taught ourselves, in hardship, battle, loss and sacrifice ? We may between ourselves differ sharply about means (the present convulsions in the British Labour Party are, as Mr. Gaitskell's exchange of letters with Mr. Crossman abundantly demonstrates, really about this and not about Clause 4), but we must all agree on ends.

There is some danger, however, that, because the discussions about means are so complicated and are apt to be conducted in a strange jargon, itself the product not only of the scientific arms experts but of the " security " with which for the past fifteen years their work has been surrounded, many of us in the general public are apt to become bored or bewildered.

This discouraging fact was frankly admitted in an editorial note in an issue of *Survival*, the journal of the Institute of Strategic Studies, which was devoted entirely to various aspects of the question of disarmament: " There are," the editor of *Survival*, Mr. Alastair Buchan, proclaimed with engaging candour, " few subjects on which it is harder for anyone—private citizen or official —to maintain an active and intelligent interest, than disarmament."

It is something of which everyone is vaguely in favour, like stricter standards of driving on the roads, or a refashioning of the 11-plus examination, but when it comes to the practical task of thrashing out an effective and consistent policy, with some chance of success, we begin to be appalled by the difficulty and the complexity of the task we are tackling.

Lord Hailsham in his speech indicated his own preference—of the two objectives which he proposed—for the creation of a world authority. But is not this concept linked inevitably with a gradual and agreed process of general disarmament ? A world authority without sanctions at its instant disposal would be futile; but until the nations hand over those hideous weapons which they are rapidly stockpiling to some central and supranational instrument of control, then any so-called " world authority " could be nothing but a costly and dreadful sham.

The reasons for the long deadlock over disarmament are not, I think, difficult to discover. They can be stated in a series of simple propositions. Neither the Communist bloc nor the Western Alliance has any intention or desire to launch a nuclear war; both sides therefore genuinely want, as much as they fervently and incessantly announce that they want, peace; but they want different kinds of peace. The Communists (particularly the Soviet Union's leaders) are genuinely obsessed with the fear that, if they abandon their arms, they may be subjected to sudden, overwhelming military attack by the United States, and however shocking and unwarranted the Americans and their allies may find this suspicion, it is a basic political fact which we all have to take into account.

In the West we believe that, if we abandon our arms, we shall be subjected to massive Communist penetration, not necessarily military in character, but against which our military preparations have proved, for more than a decade, to be an effective safeguard: each side, therefore, as a condition of disarming, seeks certain guarantees: the Communists want peace without the fear of being militarily crushed: we want peace without the fear of being converted into Communist societies against our will.

The fundamental dilemma, therefore, is political, and can be resolved only at the Summit, with the creation of a world authority, capable of giving and keeping the guarantees required by both sides, as the principal item on its agenda.

But surely the inevitable prelude must be a rapid progress towards a binding agreement on disarmament. As was clearly demonstrated in *Assault at Arms*, the remarkable little pamphlet issued recently by the United Nations Association, and written by General Sir Ronald Adam and Mr. Cyril Judd, there is a considerably greater amount of agreement between the two sides than is generally supposed. The main differences are still, as they have always been, on timing, on the relating of one measure of disarmament to another, and on controls and the use of the veto.

There was for some time a good deal of controversy within the Western camp. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's comprehensive programme, which he outlined to the United Nations Assembly last September, immediately before Mr. Khrushchev restated the Soviet Union's position, did not have an altogether easy passage—mainly because of objections raised by the French. These were removed as a result of fruitful discussions in Paris early this month; and, using Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's proposals as a basis, the Western Powers then reached full agreement on what was described as a comprehensive and flexible programme for disarmament in three stages.

THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE: From left, are, Sir Michael Wright; Mr. Ormsby Gore, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, and Miss Barbara Salt. The conference of ten Powers opened in Geneva last week.

The plan, which has no time limit, is intended to work out as follows:

First Stage: The creation of an international disarmament organisation, the establishment of limits for the armed forces of the major Powers, the preliminary reduction of some conventional weapons and discussion of the later phases.

Second Stage: The halting of the production of fissionable material for military purposes, the conversion of nuclear stocks to peaceful purposes, the " freezing " of United States and Russian forces at about 2 to 2.1 millions each, a ban on space missiles for warlike purposes, and the holding of another disarmament conference.

Third Stage: A ban on the manufacture of all nuclear weapons, the destruction of missiles, the cutting of conventional weapons to the sizes required for internal security, and the establishment of a world police force to maintain the peace.

It would, I know, be expecting too much to think that the Communist bloc will accept these proposals as they stand, closely though they approximate to the Russians' own ideas. The inevitable hard bargaining is bound to occur, since it is an inflexible tenet of Russian diplomacy that every international conference must be conducted as if it were a horse-fair. Yet Mr. Khrushchev's own programme provides for a four-year scheme of " general and complete " disarmament, attained by a series of carefully graduated intermediate steps.

Perhaps the major present differences between his programme and Mr. Lloyd's are that a time-limit is absent from the latter; that the Western plan has a timetable, and the Russian has not; and that the West gives high priority to the control of nuclear weapons, the Russians to the complete disbandment of conventional forces and the liquidation of military bases outside nations' own territories.

It is not difficult to understand the tactical and technical reasons for these differences of approach. The completely essential fact to realise—and the realisation gives grounds for some degree of optimism—is that there are approaches from both sides. As *The Times* put it, in its ineffable manner, " The paramount need for disarmament is a theme on which east and west can speak with a united voice."

We have all perceived what Lord Hailsham rightly described as " the only rational objectives." This is the great, encouraging difference between the '30's and the '60's. We all now know, out of bitter experience, and out of imperfect knowledge of those hideous weapons of whose potentialities we are given a glimpse or two, that in another major war there would be no victors; the defeat and the disaster would be total. Clinging to that rock of agreement, we have quite a chance of keeping the human race alive.

LAUNCHING THE "CANBERRA"

The 45,000-ton Liner Enters the Water at Belfast

"CANBERRA" IS LAUNCHED: With cheering workmen at her forepeak, the new P. & O. liner slides down the slipway at the Queen's Island shipyard in Belfast of Harland and Wolff Ltd. The launching ceremony was on Wednesday of last week.

HER FIRST TASTE OF SEA WATER: The great liner, the largest built in Great Britain since the *Queen Elizabeth*, enters the Musgrave Channel. In the background tugs stand by to tow the *Canberra* to her fitting-out berth. Work is already well advanced in the vessel, some of her machinery having been fitted before the launch.

On left—

THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY: Dame Pattie Menzies, the wife of the Australian Prime Minister, pulls the lever, and the bottle of Australian wine swings through the air on to the *Canberra's* bows. More than 12,000 people were present.

AFLOAT FOR THE FIRST TIME: The 45,000-ton passenger liner is taken in tow after the launching ceremony. There are many innovations in the *Canberra*, which her designer, thirty-two-year-old Mr. John West, has described as "something unusual." One of the most important features in her design is that her engines are placed aft. She is powered by turbo-electric machinery. The chief engineer is able to see all gauges and instruments in the four machinery compartments by closed-circuit television in his control room.

SLIDING DOWN THE SLIPWAY: There was a tense interval after the pulling of the launching lever before the liner began to move down the slipway. There are unusual features in the *Canberra's* passenger accommodation. Many of the first-class cabins are arranged around courts so that they receive daylight through windows overlooking the sea or reflected from mirrors. (An article by "The Sphere" Industrial Correspondent and pictures illustrating the construction of the *Canberra* are on pages 485 to 490.)

LABOUR'S FUTURE POLICY

The Compromise on the Question of Nationalisation

After their defeat in the General Election, Labour held an inquest at Blackpool. There Mr. Gaitskell declared that the Party's Constitution, drawn up in 1918, was in some respects out of date as a statement of aims. He suggested in particular that they should amend their policy on public ownership to meet the needs of a mixed economy. This immediately started a furious and much-publicised controversy in the Socialist ranks. On the one side were the "fundamentalists," stoutly resisting any attempt to alter the 1918 Clause 4 which envisages "the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." On the other were Mr. Gaitskell and the "reformers" who, while not abandoning nationalisation altogether, did not wish to advocate total public ownership.

Last week the Labour Executive met to decide the issue. A compromise was reached. Clause 4 was retained in full and an addendum was written to it. This recognised that public and private enterprise both have their place and stated that future nationalisation should only be decided according to the circumstances of the time. First reaction was that almost everyone was satisfied.

SMILES AT TRANSPORT HOUSE: From left are Mr. R. H. S. Crossman; Miss Jennie Lee; Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn; Miss Margaret Herbison; Mr. Harold Wilson; Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Earnshaw. They had been attending the meeting at the Labour H.Q. in London of the Party's National Executive to decide on future policy in regard to nationalisation. A compromise was reached over the controversial Clause 4 in the Party's Constitution. Two days before the meeting Mr. Crossman had been forced to resign from the Opposition Front Bench. He refused to give Mr. Gaitskell an undertaking not to oppose official Labour policy "persistently and publicly."

On right—

AN EX-CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY: Mrs. Barbara Castle is with Mr. Anthony Greenwood at Transport House. She was Party chairman last year, being succeeded in October by Mr. George Brinham.

THE LABOUR LEADER: Mr. Gaitskell arrives for the Executive meeting. His advocacy of reform of the Party Constitution last year sparked-off the row over nationalisation and public ownership.

A "FUNDAMENTALIST" DEMONSTRATION: Mr. James Callaghan finds himself surrounded by demonstrators carrying placards demanding that Clause 4 of the 1918 constitution should not be amended. The dispute between "fundamentalists" and "reformers" had agitated Labour's ranks for some months.

AT THE THEATRE

Princess Margaret and Her Fiancé Attend a Charity Preview in London

On left—

AFTER THE SHOW AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE: Princess Margaret precedes Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones as they leave the theatre after attending the charity preview of the new musical *Follow That Girl*. The performance was in aid of the Dockland Settlements, of which Her Royal Highness is President. Princess Margaret, wearing a white taffeta gown with a rose design, and a white fur stole, was met on arrival by Mr. John Wills, the Chairman of the Committee of the Dockland Settlements. Crowds outside cheered the Princess and her fiancé when they entered, and again when they left to attend a private supper party. Inside the theatre the Royal party sat in the front of the dress circle. Later the same night the Princess left Euston by train for Liverpool, where she had engagements on the following day. She visited the Strowger works of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Co. Ltd., and opened the Countess of Derby Secondary School for Girls, at Netherton, Bootle. In London preparations are now well under way for the Royal marriage at Westminster Abbey on Friday, May 6.

MEETING THE CO-AUTHORS OF THE NEW MUSICAL: Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones are talking to Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds. *On left*—The smiling Princess prepares to shake hands as she enters the theatre. With her gown she wore a diamond necklace, ear-rings and bracelet.

HEARING THE EVIDENCE

The Monckton Commission in Northern Rhodesia

The ways of a Commission are not easy. After the Monckton inquiry, advising on the future of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, had heard preliminary evidence in Livingstone, in Northern Rhodesia, the Commission was split into three parties. They then spent a month travelling through the remote regions of the territory, by car, boat and aeroplane. Lord Monckton's group started off for a remote area on the banks of the Zambesi. In Barotseland, Lord Monckton was the guest of Mr. Clay, the Resident Commissioner.

Following their protracted travels, the Commission returned to Lusaka, the Northern Rhodesian capital. They heard evidence from political parties and other organisations, and visited Broken Hill and other rural areas round Lusaka. Witnesses are heard in secret, and it has been agreed that the views which are expressed would not be revealed. At a Press conference in Lusaka last week, Lord Monckton said that the African Nationalist boycott had not made much difference to the Commission's obtaining the views of all races and political organisations.

COMMISSION IN RHODESIA: Members of the Monckton Commission walk between two rows of barge paddlers. They were leaving Mongu, Northern Rhodesia, for Lealui, Barotseland. From left the trio are Lord Monckton, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke and Mr. Gervas Clay.

WAITING TO GIVE EVIDENCE: Headmen of the Lovale tribe sit outside the Boma at Balovale, in the North-Western Province of Northern Rhodesia, before meeting members of the Monckton Advisory Commission on Central Africa.

A CHIEF SPEAKS: Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, leader of the party of the Monckton Commission at Balovale, is engaged in conversation with Senior Chief Ishinde, of the Lunda tribe.

ONE OF THE COMMISSION HAS TO RETURN HOME: At London Airport, having arrived from Salisbury, Rhodesia, Lord Shawcross is transferred to an ambulance. He is suffering from a slipped disc, but hopes to rejoin the inquiry.

STEPPING ASHORE AFTER A VOYAGE BY BARGE: Some of the Commission disembark after the journey over the flooded Barotse Plains. About to step over the stern of the barge is Mr. G. Habanyama. After a month's travel in Northern Rhodesia, the Commission reassembled in Lusaka.

THE CAPITAL OF THE FIFTH LARGEST ISLAND: The aerial view shows some of the buildings and thoroughfares of Tananarive, in the west of Madagascar. The island, off the East Coast of Africa, has an area of 230,000 square miles and is exceeded in size by four other islands—Greenland, New Guinea, Borneo and Baffin Land.

THE PRESIDENT OF MADAGASCAR: M. Philibert Tsiranana was elected to office a year ago, after the Malagasy people had voted to become members of de Gaulle's new French Community.

THE MALAGASY REPUBLIC

Life on the Island of Madagascar, which is a Member of the French Community

MADAGASCAR lies 240 miles off the East Coast of Africa, being separated from the mainland by the Mozambique channel. The fifth largest island on the globe, it has an area nearly three times the size of Britain, but the population is only a little over 5,000,000.

The Malagasy people derive from numerous different ethnic groups, chief among them being the Merina or Hova. These number about 1,000,000, and their language, which is of the same origin as Malayan, is understood in most parts of the island. Other ethnic groups include the Betsileo, the Tsimiheti, the Antaimoro and Antanosy, who are of mixed Arab descent. In religion some 2,000,000 inhabitants are Christians, being about evenly divided between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

Constitutionally Madagascar is to-day known as the Malagasy Republic of the French Community. The French first landed on the island in 1529 and official settlements were established in the name of the French Government 124 years later. By the end of the nineteenth century France had provided an administrative system. A Governor appointed by Paris exercised wide powers, but, already, progressive development was planned so that the inhabitants would eventually become French citizens.

At the end of the Second World War far-reaching changes were made in French colonial policy. Madagascar, in common with other Overseas Territories, was given a considerable measure of local autonomy. A popular Assembly was elected in 1947 and deputies and senators sent to the French Parliament. Ten years later came further reforms and the establishment of the first proper system of self-government.

The return to power of General de Gaulle and the foundation of the Fifth Republic in France brought further benefits. The Overseas Territories were given an absolute freedom to choose their future. They would be able to opt in or out of any constitutional organisation set up by President de Gaulle. In October 1958 the Malagasy voters elected, in common with many other parts of French Africa, to have the status of membership of the newly-created French Community. Thus the Malagasy Republic came into being.

(*Continued on following pages*)

A PHENOMENON OF NATURE: The vast bowl in a mountain is the volcanic lake Titriva near Antsirabe, in Madagascar. The island, which is mountainous in many areas, has a number of extinct volcanoes. The climate is in the main temperate.

AN IMPORTANT OCCASION: Having put on their best clothes, youngsters and a few adults pose for their picture in Tananarive. The inhabitants of Madagascar number 5,071,000. They come from at least twenty ethnic groups.

THE BUS PARK IN TANANARIVE: The vehicles usua[lly] [ar]rive a[t] Roads, of which there are 19,700 miles throu[ghout] the is[land]. two railway lines, which have recently been r[e]rnised.

MEANS OF TRANSPORT AMONG THE MALAGASY PEOPLE: Oxen ha[ve] during a long journey. Ox-carts are still the most common *On right*—In a street in Tananarive, cars contrast with the

THE MALAGASY REPUBLIC

(*Continued from previous page*)

The islanders enjoy popular representation without racial discrimination. There are elected local councils. At the next level is the Representative Assembly for the whole of the Republic. Executive power is exercised by the President, who is elected for seven years and is also the Leader of the Government. Finally, members are voted to the French Parliament and to the Assembly of the French Community over which the President of France presides. A study of Madagascar provides a fair example of the conditions accorded to most members of the Community.

Life on the island can be pleasant, for the climate is mainly temperate. But for many of the people living is still primitive. Agriculture and the raising of livestock are the chief occupations. A wide range of crops can be grown and besides the rearing of cattle, sheep and goats there is a thriving export trade in canned meats, hides and skins. About a fifth of the island is covered by forests and below ground lies mineral wealth. Madagascar is one of the world's largest suppliers of graphite. Mica is exported to the United States and a variety of precious and semi-precious stones is mined. Plans are under way for the development of coalfields. Prospects of mining other minerals are being considered.

Fourteen years ago a modernisation plan was put in hand. Considerable progress has been made with the help of financial grants from the French Parliament for the economic and social development of Madagascar. Around the island's 4,000-mile coastline there are now twenty ports or anchorages. Tamative, the chief of them, deals with 475,000 tons of traffic annually. In the north is the important naval base of Diego Suarez. Inland there are a number of navigable rivers. On the East Coast the Pangalanes Canal is being developed so that barges of up to 300 tons capacity can sail on it. Railways consist of two small lines, totalling 535 miles in length. Improvements have been carried out on them and they now carry more than twice as much traffic as they did in 1938.

Roads are the chief internal means of communication. They are used by about 24,000 motor vehicles. For many of the inhabitants in the country areas oxen and carts are the chief method of transport. The aeroplane is extensively employed from no fewer than 119 airfields. From the larger ones there are regular flights between Madagascar and France. Another sign of progress is to be seen in irrigation projects backed by hydro-electric schemes. As a result, within the foreseeable future a further 247,000 acres should be suitable for rice-growing and another 741,000 acres for other crops.

Development is by no means confined to the economy. Concentrated attention is paid to the health of the people. The mortality rate from tropical diseases, notably malaria, has been greatly reduced and mobile units combat leprosy and tuberculosis. Smallpox has practically disappeared. In the hospitals, medical centres and consulting rooms there are 602 physicians (465 of whom are Africans), 494 midwives and 1,485 nurses. In the field of education it is possible for the young Malagasys to progress under scholarship schemes through the higher schools on the island to courses of study in the universities of France.

Much may remain to be done but there is no doubt that Madagascar is taking full advantage of its membership of the French Community. Its people can look forward to a still more flourishing future.

and leave with a bulky assortment of luggage on their roofs. Island, are the chief means of communication. There are only . They cover no more than 535 miles. Airfields number 119.

IN THE SOUTH OF THE ISLAND: The village with its thatched dwellings is in the Tulear Province, which is one of the five administrative areas of Madagascar. Life is still primitive in many communities, but in recent years the health authorities have carried out a successful campaign against diseases, especially against malaria, leprosy and tuberculosis.

SPEEDING THE TRAFFIC: Reeds have been laid down on the bed of a river during the dry season. This precaution helps to prevent transport becoming stuck in the mud which frequently remains after the water has disappeared.

A MALAGASY COUTURIERE: Mats have been spread on the ground for the customers of a dressmaker who has set up shop in a street. This is often the way the seamstresses carry on their business in towns in Madagascar.

have been unharnessed from their carts for a night's rest mon means of transport among the majority of the islanders. the oxen waiting with their cart outside a business building.

A PARSON AND HIS DOGS

The Jack Russell Terrier, a Working Breed, is Named After the Reverend John Russell, a Pioneer of Fox-hunting in Mid-Devon

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A BREED of dog which, in recent years, has become increasingly popular, is the Jack Russell Terrier. There are now no fewer than six within a half-mile radius of my home. This is really rather remarkable, for I now live in what can best be described as "Miniature Poodle country." Some Jack Russell Terriers, though I imagine still very few, are being sold abroad. I have received a letter from a New Zealand reader—his letter has, in fact, prompted this article—who has bought one. It was described to him by the seller as a "Parson Jack Russell Terrier." Since then he has seen the classified list of breeds recognised by the Kennel Club and can find no mention of it. This seems to have disturbed him a good deal, for he asks if he has been "done" and if he has, in fact, been sold a small mongrel terrier.

I do not know what he has bought: you cannot tell from a snapshot. But I really cannot see that it matters very much, for obviously he does not intend to breed, having bought only one dog. In such circumstances, breed is surely less important than having an affectionate and loyal and lively dog. This, it is evident from his letter, is just what he has got. He might have been much less fortunate buying a long-pedigreed member of one of the recognised breeds. It is the dog that matters, not the label that it bears.

The fact that a breed is not recognised by the Kennel Club does not necessarily mean that there is no such breed. The Kennel Club is concerned with the show dog rather than with the working dog: it was originally founded by S. E. Shirley in 1873, with shows and the control of shows very much in mind. Until its foundation, shows, the first really big one in Britain being staged in 1863, had been very free-and-easy affairs and a number of most undesirable practices had crept in. The Kennel Club was founded to clean things up and to impose discipline. This it did, and still does, most admirably.

A number of working breeds are recognised by the Kennel Club, but, broadly speaking, when a working breed enters the show world, show points become more important than working qualities. The breeders set about emphasising the show points, so much so that they sometimes alter the appearance of the dog altogether in the course of a few generations. No one can blame them. It cannot be denied that by so doing the show world has saved several breeds from extinction. But, inevitably, the working qualities are lost. Once a working breed enters the show world, it disappears and a new breed, the show breed, is evolved.

There are exceptions, of course: not breed exceptions, but exceptional individuals within a breed. For example, the Old English Sheepdog, the massive bob-tailed dog with the very thick coat, was once a good working breed. It did not then look very much like its modern representative. To-day it is a show breed, pure and simple, but there are exceptional individuals. I have seen an Old English Sheepdog working sheep. He was a good, strong, intelligent dog and he made a pretty good job of working a flock of Down sheep. It was obvious that he would have been much too slow and cumbersome for any of the mountain breeds of sheep, and his heavy coat would have made it impossible for him to work in thick snow or anything like that. In the same way, I once had a Cardigan Corgi, town bred, who had a passion for rounding up my neighbour's ducks and bringing them on to my land.

Such exceptions are few and far between. The Dachshund, for instance, was originally a badger dog. There may still be Dachshunds who know what to do about badgers, but I should be inclined to doubt it. As a rule, when you find working examples of a show breed, and I can think of very few examples in which this occurs, they bear but little resemblance to the show specimen. The Border Terrier is both a working breed and a show breed. The working Border Terrier, entered to foxes and a real tough little dog, would stand no chance at all in the show ring.

Mostly, however, the genuine working breeds do not enter the show ring and are not recognised by the Kennel Club. For example, the Kennel Club does not recognise either the Border Collie or the Welsh Sheepdog, the two working shepherd dogs of the British Isles. These are the dogs you see at work on the farms and the hillsides and the dogs you see at the International Trials. These are breeds—many of these dogs have pedigrees as long as your arm—without show points. They exist to do an essential job of work.

There are a number of other, mostly local, breeds—the Ormskirk Heeler, the old Aston Terrier (perhaps now extinct), the Patterdale Terrier (which has not been wholly absorbed, as have most of the other Lakeland terrier breeds, into the show Lakeland Terrier), and so on. They are not officially recognised for one sound reason or another. The Jack Russell Terrier is one of these. Not only has it no show points; it is not standardised. One dog differs from another as much as does one Welsh Sheepdog from another. It is just a working terrier. Perhaps I should say "was," for it is now invading the suburbs and that may be the essential first step towards official recognition. You will, by the way, notice that I do not call it a "Parson Jack Russell Terrier." There is no such thing.

The Rev. John Russell was a West-countryman, educated at Blundells and Exeter College, Oxford, who became Vicar of Iddisleigh. He was one of that, now fortunately virtually extinct, species, the "sporting" parson. I use the word "sporting" in its correct sense to indicate "sports" as opposed to "games," and to exclude such "muscular Christians" as rugger and rowing blues, boxers, athletes, cricketers, and rock-and-roll experts. John Russell was a pioneer of fox-hunting in mid-Devon, starting his pack in 1827. He was different from most of his fellows, the majority of whom seem to have been most unpleasant characters. According to the Rev. A. Tindall Hart, there were, about the '50's of the last century, no fewer than twenty Devonshire parsons keeping their own packs of hounds.

Not all were as bad as Parson Froude, the original of Parson Chowne in Blackmore's *The Maid of Sker*, who was a genuinely evil man. Few of them were, perhaps, bad in the strict meaning of the word, but very few of these "sporting" parsons took their clerical duties seriously. They were country gentlemen first and foremost, and parsons a very long way behind. Even in those days, perhaps because of the general conduct of fox-hunting parsons, hunting was not regarded as a respectable pursuit for the clergy, as shooting, fishing and coursing were. The fox-hunting parsons seem to have been a hard-drinking, hard-swearing lot, who performed their clerical duties only when they could not avoid doing so and who were certainly not prepared to give up a hunt for a service. Baring-Gould's Parson Hogg (in *Songs of the West*) will be remembered:

> He shut his book. "Come on," he said,
> "I 'll pray and bless no more, Sir !"
> He drew his surplice o'er his head,
> And started for the door, Sir.

He had heard a hunting horn, and was not prepared even to complete a wedding service.

Of the Rev. John Russell, almost alone of these hunting parsons of the mid nineteenth century, there was never a breath of scandal. True, Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, who did not approve of parsons hunting, and, I think, did not approve of hunting at all, and who had a good deal of trouble with his "sporting" parsons, particularly with Parson Froude, asked him to give up his pack of hounds. But not because of any scandal; as a personal favour. This suggests that he knew Russell as a good man, and thought that his example might have some effect on his wilder brethren. Russell agreed and did give up his pack. But his wife took it on, and Russell continued to hunt: that is the nearest thing to sharp practice that I have been able to discover in the career of Jack Russell. He was a man much beloved and respected, but never feared, by his parishioners, something which can be said of few, if any, of the others who flourished at that time.

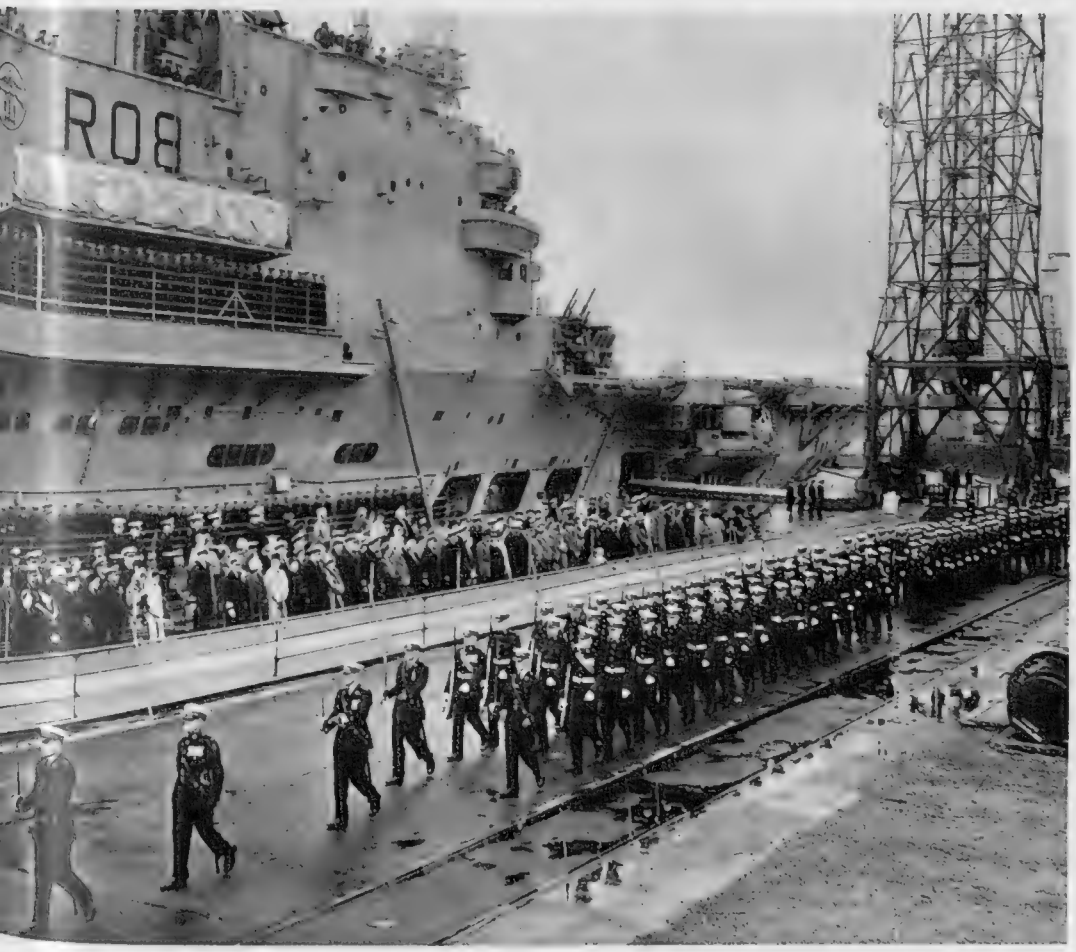
Jack Russell had an even greater interest in dogs than he had in hunting the fox. He was one of the very early members of the Kennel Club and he remained a member until his death in 1883. He was particularly interested in breeding the best possible terrier to go to ground after a fox. He did not start a new breed. He never had any intention of doing anything of the sort. What he set out to do was to breed the best possible type of fox-terrier, using existing strains of working terriers. We do not know now what strains he used and we do not really know what they looked like. Almost certainly they were wire-haired and short-legged; cobby little dogs, perhaps not unlike the old-fashioned Sealyham.

One thing is certain and that is that the "Parson" strain has long since been lost. It is very unlikely, though not absolutely impossible, that any modern Jack Russell Terrier has any of the blood of the old Parson Jack Russell Terrier in its veins. Most of the breeders do not use the word "Parson" and are careful to describe them as "working" terriers. They are distinctive in type, standing about 14 ins. high and weighing about 15 lb. The colour is white, usually with a black or tan patch over the eyes and ears, sometimes with a spot on the tail and occasionally with a black or tan saddle. Though they may be either smooth or rough, the coat is usually very thick and close and wiry. In fact, they look very like many hunt terriers, who are not given any sort of title. Like hunt terriers generally, they are good, tough, very courageous little dogs and, when given the opportunity, excellent workers.

I cannot see that it matters what they are called. I think that it is a pleasant gesture to perpetuate the name of a great dog-lover and the best of sporting parsons. One thing does rather astonish me in the advertisements of those I see for sale. Almost invariably, they are described as "game to fox and badger." I wonder how the breeder knows that the puppy he sells at about eight weeks old is "game to fox and badger." Anyway, this seems to me to be an attribute unlikely to be of much value in a suburb. I should have thought it one likely to be an embarrassment to the average dog-owner. It suggests a certain belligerent eagerness which might augur ill for the local cats !

JACK RUSSELL TERRIERS: *Left* is a six-month-old, smooth-coated, tan-and-white bitch. *Centre* is a rough-coated bitch. *Right* is Whisky I, the original stud dog of the Breach Farm Kennels, in Somerset, of Miss M. S. Sixton. The other two dogs shown were bred at the kennels. The original strain of Jack Russell Terriers has now died out.

BRITAIN'S FIRST COMMANDO CARRIER: Whirlwind helicopters and light and heavy transport vehicles are stowed on the flight deck of H.M.S. *Bulwark*. *Below*—Men of 42 Commando, Royal Marines, march along the quayside before embarking in the carrier. They sailed on Monday of last week.



CEREMONY AT DEVONPORT: Captain R. D. Franks, R.N. (left), commanding officer of H.M.S. *Bulwark*, walks with Lord Carrington, First Lord of the Admiralty, during the ceremonial embarkation at Devonport.

A NEW PHASE IN NAVAL WARFARE

The Commando Carrier H.M.S. "Bulwark" Puts to Sea

A new phase in the history of British naval warfare was begun last week when H.M.S. *Bulwark* sailed from Devonport. She is the Royal Navy's first commando carrier, a type of vessel new to all navies except that of the United States. Her departure was marked with fitting ceremony. As honorary freemen of the city, 42 Commando, Royal Marines, marched through Plymouth with Colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed before embarking in the vessel. Overhead in formation flew the carrier's big Whirlwind helicopters of No. 848 Naval Air Squadron. The Lord Mayor of Plymouth took the salute and the First Lord of the Admiralty watched the embarkation.

Before her conversion last year, *Bulwark* was an aircraft carrier of the "Centaur" class. She now has accommodation for the 600 officers and men of the Commando and storage space for the comprehensive equipment which will enable the Marines to carry out operations in all sorts of conditions. Her primary task in the cold war will be to go to centres of minor trouble. Her self-sufficiency enables her to operate on her own. In limited wars, *Bulwark* will provide a highly mobile amphibious force, probably to be used as a spearhead with other forces to secure a beach and the immediate hinterland. She sailed from Devonport for the Mediterranean and is eventually bound for the Far East. Her stay overseas is expected to last for five years.

The Sphere of Travel

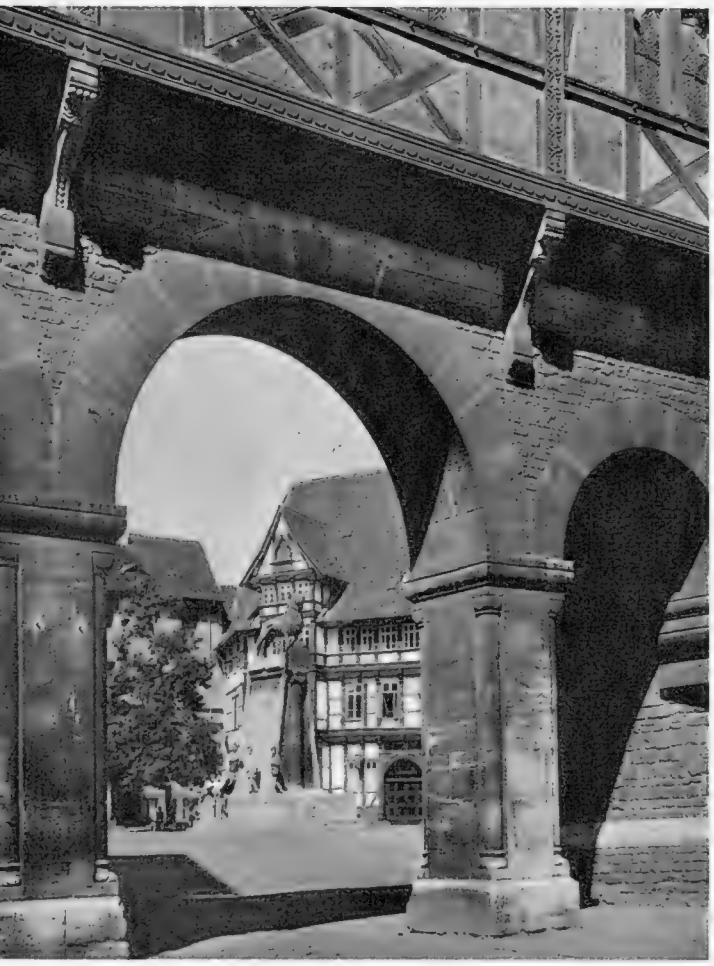
THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

Witches From the Brocken; Goslar As a Centre For Excursions; Other Areas in West Germany

By GORDON COOPER

NOT so long ago, when visiting Skye, I asked that great lady and outstanding Highland Chief of the Macleod clan, Dame Flora, whether she believed in fairies, for which the island is noted. She did not hesitate a moment in replying: " Of course I do." In the same way, I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming my belief in witches. As an enthusiast on the subject, I know of no other part of Europe where these old ladies are more likely to be found than in the Harz Mountains. This is the home of witchcraft and devil worship, the haunts of gnomes and goblins, and the scene of a hundred or more fairy tales. If you happen to be there on Walpurgis Night (the eve of May 1), you will feel the passage of the witches from the Brocken, which, lying in the Russian zone, is the highest mountain in North Germany, and where the witches have been holding high revels and offering sacrifices to the devil, their chief.

In this modern age, the authorities try to discredit a belief in this exodus of witches and aim at making the people happy with substitute bonfires and carnival masks. Still, you will find much else to delight you in this comparatively unknown corner of Germany, and it is pleasant both in summer and winter. Its chief appeal is to walkers, and in this respect it bears comparison with the more popular Black Forest. There are many marked paths through the woods, and youth hostels and the huts of the *Deutscher Alpenverein* (German Alpine Club) in which to lodge, as well as the hotels and pensions in the towns and villages.



TOURIST ATTRACTIONS IN WEST GERMANY: The view, looking in the direction of Braunlage, is of the Ach[illegible]mann Mountain. *Left*—Through the arches of Castle Square, in Brunswick, is one of the city's many half-timbe[illegible]uses

The main gateway into the Harz is Goslar. This beautiful old town came through the war virtually unscathed. It offers a strong romantic appeal with numerous architectural memorials to the past. Even the excellent hotel in which I stayed, the Achtermann, has its dining-room built inside a former city gate, the Rosentor. Among the outstanding buildings in this former free town of the Empire, founded in 922, are the Romanesque imperial palace with Ulrich's chapel (tomb of Kaiser Heinrich III); the Gothic Town Hall in the old market-place which has a painted façade and a most interesting interior, especially its Hall of Submission; the Kaiser-Worth, now a hotel but formerly the mansion of the Guild of the Tailors, with eight statues of the emperors in carved wood; and nearby is the Brusttuch (neckcloth), a picturesque house with wood-carvings, and now also a restaurant and hotel.

Goslar is definitely a town for the person content to browse. For instance, I came on the ancient Great Holy Cross Hospital, where forty old women live, each in her own private room. There is a communal kitchen, however, and each resident has her own special letterbox—a form of privacy which is doubtless much appreciated. [illegible] the great passage there is a huge Crucifix, showing Ch[illegible] with a hair-beard—a form of decoration common in Goslar. Nor must I omit a mention of that quaint fifteenth-[illegible]ntury obscenity the Dukatenmännchen, the little fell[illegible] with ducats, featured in many postcards in the shop.

In addition to its own appeal, Goslar, with its good bus services, is a convenient base from which to explore the Harz Mountains. Another useful centre is Bad Harzburg, an attractive modern spa, which has the advantage of being closer to the mountain area. It is well supplied with hotels and pensions, and has the usual run of resort entertainments. For those who prefer to be right in the Harz region, however, two pleasing resorts are Braunlage (fashionable) and St. Andreasberg (more simple). The latter is, or rather was, the home of " Harz Rollers," which command the highest prices in the world's canary markets. No place was so successful in breeding these little birds, which were introduced into Europe over four centuries ago, as this spot in the Harz. Yet to-day the breeding of this bird has almost completely finished in the village which now devotes its appeal to those in search of winter sports and the celebration of various feasts, including that on Walpurgis Night.

Braunlage, situated at the foot of two mountains, is another popular summer and winter sports centre; it has a giant ski-jump and an ice-stadium. It lies very close to the " Iron Curtain " frontier. There are other small villages, especially in the south-east corner of the Harz,

THE LAWS OF OLERON: SEA CRUISES: AIR SERVICES: NEW TOURS

Not far from La Rochelle, off the famous oyster town of Marennes, lies the little island of Oléron, an insignificant stretch of pine woods, sandy bays and fishing villages. This June the island comes into its own, and the little-known name of Oléron will be honoured throughout the English-speaking world. For it was here, in 1160, that Eleanor of Aquitaine approved the maritime laws which were recently discovered to be the basis of our own Admiralty code. That the laws of the sea should emanate from this obscure spot and, through the Royal Navy and the Admiralty Courts of England, be adopted by other maritime nations has roused great interest both in France and England, who jointly will celebrate the eighth centenary of the laws of Oléron with the sixth centenary of the Admiralty Courts of England, during June. A service will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral on June 1, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury will give the address, and on June 12, at Château d'Oéron, will be an official reception to which the Royal Navy will carry a gift from the Court of Admiralty.

It will be possible to join in these celebrations, which start on June 9 at La Rochelle. A motor rally is being organised by Cooks, who are also making special arrangements for stays during that period at the resuscitated and magnificent resort of Royan, which is situated only a few miles from Oléron. There is an excellent motor ferry from the mainland to the island, but visitors are recommended to stay at either La Rochelle or Royan. There are both hotels and pensions on the island, particularly at Château d'Oléron, St. Georges d'Oléron, St. Trojan-les-Bains, St. Denis d'Oléron and Le-Dolus-le-Vert-Bois. There are air services to Bordeaux and express train services from Paris to Royan.

An interesting five-day round voyage from Marseilles to Genoa and Naples is available on May 2, 23, September 8, 29, between the South American voyages of the 16,000-ton *Bretagne* and the 15,000-ton *Provence*, belonging to Transports Maritimes. First-, tourist- and third-class passengers are carried. Bookings can be made in London at travel agents.

A new daily service to Cologne and Munich by air from London is being operated this summer by Lufthansa, who also run a night service once a week to and from Munich, to provide connections with Oberammergau, Bavaria, and the Austrian Tyrol.

The growing popularity of Greece and the Greek Islands will soon be stimulated by the extension of the runways at Rhodes and Corfu. As soon as this development has been completed, the landing of modern airliners should be possible.

Now that there are virtually no restrictions on the amount of foreign currency taken or spent abroad, horizons offered by travel agents have extended considerably. For example, one most exciting thirty-day tour has been arranged, visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Mexico City, Patzcuaro, San Jose Purua, Taxco, Acapulco, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The inclusive charge from London, including travel by air, sightseeing drives, meals and accommodation, is £414 7s. per person. It is an extremely comprehensive tour, including visits to film studios and film celebrities' homes in Hollywood, with special meals at famous restaurants at other high spots.

W.D.C.C.

where it would be pleasant to stay: Hohegeiss, Zorge, Walkenried and Bad Sachsa, to name a few. The accommodation available is usually in the local inn.

There was one such inn that I stayed in—at Torfaus, which faces on to the Brocken. When you enter this hostelry you are confronted with a large number of little dolls—witches riding on broomsticks. This delightful place tends to be overcrowded with coach-excursionists from nearby cities. Hahnenklee-Bockswiese is another pleasant resort in the Harz. It has a Nordic-type wooden church (built of barrel staves), popular for weddings; in the season, each bride receives a large bouquet of roses from the registrar. I can also recommend the Harzhotel Molkenhaus, in Hochharz (not far from Bad Harzburg), which lies in a forest clearing. Each evening the deer come there to be fed.

It is not easy to describe in words the charm of the Harz. The whole district comprises an irregular series of terraced plateaux, sloping upwards here and there to considerable heights. The range is intercepted by deep and narrow valleys, which carry off the streams and offer the most romantic scenery imaginable. There are dense forests of pines and firs, interspersed with wide stretches of moorland. The wooded slopes are impervious to the noises of our world. The forests are full of songs in spring. The brooks and streams chatter and splash with light-hearted gaiety. The rambler has a thousand places to go, the angler the loveliest of streams, and for winter sports the Harz is one of the finest places in Germany because of its deep and lasting snow. No wonder that if you once go there you will surely long to return. It is that kind of enticing holiday region.

Within easy reach of Goslar are some interesting art towns, such as Celle, Hildesheim and Lüneburg. The bigger cities of Hanover, Brunswick, Hamburg, Lübeck and Hamelin are all accessible on a day's excursion. Celle still retains the appearance of a Nordic town of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, with brightly-coloured gabled houses and ornamented façades. The chief sight is the fourteenth-century castle, with its tiny theatre (which is the oldest theatre in Germany) and Renaissance-style chapel.

Hildesheim, which, before the war, was one of the most delightful medieval towns in Germany, has had its eleventh-century cathedral rebuilt; here you can see a 1,000-year-old rose bush growing to a height and breadth of 30 ft., and clutching in its grasp the wall of the crypt. Lüneburg is an attractive example of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century brick architecture where entire streets are made up of old burger houses with their quaint gable ornaments, niches and fillets. The Town Hall is one of the finest in Germany, a reminder of the town's great prosperity in the Middle Ages. There is an interesting interior, with some fine carved work.

Hanover (known as the " Green City ") is famous for its fine parks, and it has a first-class art gallery. For a meal, there is the excellent Geors-Stuben, the " House of 1,000 Drinks," where, however, much to my disgust, I found Scotch whisky listed under " England." There is also a local combination-drink known as " Lüttje Laage " —a beer with a small glass of gin, both to be swallowed at the same time, no easy feat for the novice.

Brunswick, most easterly city of the Federal Republic, has a good cathedral and some fine, half-timbered houses. Hamburg lacks historic buildings, but it offers an excellent opera house whose presentations are outstanding; the Vier Jahreszeiten, one of the best luxury hotels in Europe; and a rather notorious night-life quarter in its district of St Pauli. But, for me, the loveliest of all the German Hanseatic cities is Lübeck, which has much to offer the tourist, including St. Mary's Church, the Holy Ghost Hospital, a lovely Town Hall, and the candle-lit, historical " House of the Shippers' Guild." Here you can eat and drink in age-old rooms that have witnessed the convivial deliberations of the city's merchants, seafarers and burgesses through the centuries.

My last mention will be of Hamelin, familiar to us from Browning's poem dealing with the legend of the *Rattenfänger* (" Rat-catcher "). The event is celebrated each Sunday in summer by retelling the story. Unfortunately, modern research discredits the pleasant tale, claiming that what really happened was a visit from a labour agent who attracted many local young men away to Czechoslovakia, with the promise of high wages. Incidentally, this town has an admirable " Street of no Noise." I recommend the Sonnenhof Hotel, also noiseless.

IN GOSLAR, THE MAIN GATEWAY TO THE HARZ: On the right is the old Market Church and on the left the Hotel Kaiser-Worth, which, dating from 1494, was formerly the mansion of the Guild of Tailors.

AN ART TOWN WITH OLD BUILDINGS : The row of fine half-timbered houses, with ornamented façades, is in Celle, near Hanover, in Lower Saxony.

CHINESE–AMERICAN MUSICAL

Rehearsing the Dream Ballet from "Flower Drum Song"

The lavishly spectacular *Flower Drum Song*, which opened on Thursday at the Palace Theatre in London, is the latest musical by Richard Rodgers, the composer, and Oscar Hammerstein II, the librettist, to reach London. Based on a novel by C. Y. Lee, it is set in San Francisco's Chinatown and its bars. It examines light-heartedly the problems of the differences between Chinese, Americans, and Chinese-Americans. The older generation of Chinese live according to the traditions and customs of their mother-country. They find it hard to understand their children, who grow up demanding a freedom from parental control which is alien to the precepts of the traditional Chinese family life.

Flower Drum Song has been running in New York since December of 1958, and, judging by the heavy bookings at the Palace Theatre, looks likely to repeat the success in London of the team's other musicals, *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific* especially. In the role of Linda Low is Yama Saki, from Hawaii, who is playing her first part in the theatre.

A DREAM SEQUENCE IN CHINATOWN: At a rehearsal for the latest Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *Flower Drum Song*, at the Palace Theatre, press photographers kneel to take pictures of two boatmen leaping over Naomi Kimura and Kevin Scott. *Right*—In the same dream sequence the chorus are seen in their gay and colourful costumes. Set in San Francisco's Chinatown in the present time, the lavish musical began its run in London on Thursday.

TWO OF THE PRINCIPALS: Seen together at a rehearsal are Kevin Scott as Wang Ta and Yau Shan Tung as Mei Li.

AT THE REHEARSALS: Richard Rodgers (left) and Oscar Hammerstein II are possibly the most famous of song-writing teams. They were in London to see the cast of their show and attend the first night.

THE SPLENDOUR OF CHINA: In the dream ballet, Sonya Hana, the principal dancer, represents one of the two female leads, Mei Li. Above her head is held an umbrella. There are fifty in the cast of Chinese people, forming one of the most international casts seen in London.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE IN CHINATOWN: *Left*—Sonya Hana leads the chorus in the dream sequence. *Right*—Kevin Scott and Naomi Kimura practise a dance routine. The dream ballet tells of the difficulty which Wang Ta (Kevin Scott) has in choosing between Mei Li, danced by Sonya Hana, and Linda Low, danced by Naomi Kimura. Mei Li carries a bird symbolising grace and purity, but Wang Ta is distracted by the seductive charms of Linda Low. *Flower Drum Song* is based on a novel by C. Y. Lee and is directed by Jerome Whyte.

The World of Books

WHITE PIONEERS IN KENYA

A Chronicle of Life in the Colony From 1900; Living in a Submarine-chaser; a Study of Primitive Mythology; Novels and Detective Stories of the Week

WHEN one thinks of Kenya in the present day, one has a picture of a partly fertile, wholly beautiful country with at least one sizeable city and a highly controversial political situation. Mr. H. K. Binks emigrated there in 1900 from his Yorkshire village (" It boasted a celebrity —a man who had been to London "), and he has written an extremely lively, indeed absorbing book about Kenya as it was in those earliest days of white pioneering. Attracted by tales of gold or rubber to be had for the taking, many were the young men who went out there to make their fortunes. Mr. Binks himself was after the gold nuggets which he understood could readily be scrabbled up from the bare earth. His cabin mate on the voyage out planned to become rich through rubber. He, unfortunately, did not even live long enough to feel disillusion. As the author puts it in his succinct manner: " A lion ate him within a few weeks of our landing in East Africa."

AFRICAN RAINBOW (Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.) is the chronicle of one man's life in Kenya and it is also the most authentic of records of the country's development. Mr. Binks himself, quickly realising the ephemeral quality of his dream of gold, bought a smallholding and settled down to farming. From that, with great acumen, he turned to photography, in which there was not only more money to be made but constant opportunities to pursue his new interest, big game hunting, for men on safaris were never averse to having their " kills " perpetuated. After photography, ivory hunting and throughout it all a vivid interest in the country and its people, by which the reader is the gainer of a rich store of anecdotes and stories. The photographs are good and the most revealing of them is a view of Nairobi as he first saw it: two groups of widely-spaced tents on a plateau.

SWANS AT MY WINDOW (Heinemann. 16s.) could, if one were feeling generous, also be classed as a book of adventure although on a slightly more domestic basis. Mrs. Ginny Brown, who has designed her own charming jacket to the book, writes about her experiences in housekeeping when her actor husband bought a submarine-chaser which dated from the First World War. It was moored at the end of Chiswick Mall, regarded with delight by its new owner and less ecstasy by the owner's wife. As for the locals, Mrs. Brown explains that when the boat's name was ever mentioned " they raised their eyes to heaven the way people do when you speak of a haunted house." From this unlikely start, with Mr. Brown's great ingenuity and ability, Mrs. Brown's perseverance (and considerable courage, in my view) and the rapturous enthusiasm of their two little boys, a home was made and a happy, if unusual family life ensured. This is an amusing book, told in a chirpy and confidential manner and to be enjoyed just this side of the point where converts are made.

It is difficult to see who could be amused by THE MASKS OF GOD (Secker and Warburg. 35s.), but then such a reaction was obviously not the author's intention. This learned study of primitive mythology has been written by Dr. Joseph Campbell, the American writer and don whose first work on mythology was published when he was no more than fifteen years old. He is also the author of many books of literary criticism and his erudition in both spheres is nothing short of formidable. The present book is based largely on the new material that has come through archæological discoveries, anthropological studies, psychological theory and researches into animal behaviour, all of them pursued since Frazer's *Golden Bough* seventy years ago.

" Very deep," wrote Thomas Mann, " is the well of the past. Should we not call it bottomless? " Dr. Campbell explains that he has attempted in this volume to explore, with what light is available, the deep, very deep well of the past and to see what may be learned from it. We learn that after this book, he plans three successive ones to be devoted respectively to Oriental, Occidental and creative mythology so you can see that my use of the word " formidable " was scarcely mistaken.

It would be wrong to suggest that this is in any way light reading. On the contrary, a certain amount of determination is necessary in order to breach the book's first defences of the academic manner and a tendency, justifiable among men of science and letters, to make such references as: " Professor Heine-Geldern has suggested . . ." or " Frobenius's collaborator, Dr. Hugershof, discovered a precisely comparable form in use among the Bamana of Tula. . . ." But the book is well worth the necessary perseverance and what one learns of archaic days and ways is wonderfully rewarding.

THE FULL TREATMENT (Heinemann. 18s.), first novel of the week, is Mr. Ronald Scott Thorn's study of a man's impotence, a psychological condition which has come about through an accident in which he was concussed but had no grave injuries. As the story opens, two years have passed since that accident and the man, Colby, is holidaying with his lovely and much-loved wife, both of them determined to make a honeymoon of their visit and both of them living under an intolerable strain. Enter upon the otherwise idyllic scene of blue water, hills and pines, a psychiatrist from his nearby villa; a man whose apparent mastery of this branch of medical science conceals from the couple that he is, in fact, more twisted in spirit and mind than his new patient will ever be. A cure is promised but the truth of the doctor's intentions is purely malignant. This is unashamedly a romantic novel though in up-to-date trappings. It is ingenious, readable though not particularly distinguished in style, and would perform the same function on a long train journey as thrillers are supposed to—in other words, help to concentrate the reader's attention on someone else's very dramatic troubles.

AN AWARD FOR PAULINE JAMESON: As Mrs. Prest, she is with Sir Michael Redgrave in a scene from *The Aspern Papers*, the adaptation of a story by Henry James which is enjoying a successful run at the Queen's Theatre, in London. For her acting, Pauline Jameson received the Clarence Derwent Award for the actress giving the best performance in a supporting role.

Miss Eilis Dillon is an Irish writer of great perception and even power, who has turned from the writing of quite successful detective stories to the novel proper, and whose new book, THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY (Faber. 15s.), is about a group of Dublin intellectuals and could, for many reasons, only have been written about—and possibly in—that city. It doesn't take any especial powers for a person appreciatively reading any sort of book to resolve to his own satisfaction, at least, its provenance. In this case there is the breath of Dublin in every paragraph, with its very individual independence of thought, its acceptance of poverty or riches or, more exactly, its refusal to consider economic status as any kind of touchstone. Characters, in the literary sense of easily definable beings, abound, and so they do in Dublin. Standards are confusing but make perfect sense to the standard-bearers. Tolerance on some matters—in this case the profession of letters or of music—is splendidly wide, whereas tolerance on personal or family matters is as rigid as a Black List index. The whole chaotic, essentially human and living story makes its own kind of sense and Miss Dillon should be acclaimed as an artist of a very high order.

The publishers of IF IT BE LOVE (Michael Joseph. 15s.) tell us that the theme of Mr. Stanley Kauffmann's novel is the discovery of the manifold quality and inevitable discomforts of truth, and so it may well be; a highly intelligent observation on the purpose of a story which, to many of us, will also add up to a fairly straightforward recital of the infatuated devotion of two men for the same woman. She is a near-beauty with a good deal of charm and a talent for music which, rather touchingly this, is not quite enough for the highest category of achievement. The young woman is American and she is living in London after the death of her beloved father and her equally loved first master when, unpredictably for him as for her, an American businessman appears on a fact-finding mission related to his own New York firm. They meet, they fall in love and all could be simple if it were not for the constant presence of an Italian count who also loves her, is possessive, demanding and ruthless, and to whom the woman feels a tenuous kind of responsibility.

A triangle, in other words, but with at least one of its angles unexpected. Rome, as well as England, is the scene and some of the best and most sensitive passages are those in which the author gives his wonderfully sentient talent a free rein to describe a city, a point of startling beauty or an atmosphere. Mr. Kauffmann is one of those writers who relies as much on his visual sense as on any conscious style and this is one of his strengths. London or Rome, as he describes them lovingly and acutely, come to life and, indeed, are important to the story he has to tell. I must say that I relished his novel although consistently out of sympathy with its excessively tiresome heroine.

THE PATRIOTS (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.), blessedly, falls into no special category at all. This is Mr. James Barlow's novel about two youngish men, both of them ex-soldiers of a tough, trained and adventurous kind and both of them with grudges against society as they have found it, who meet in prison and on release decide to pool their great qualities of physical courage in order to make the world pay up—on their own terms. It is exciting but not, except in the loosest of terms, a thriller. It is honest and it involves the reader in a degree of alertness, even of recognition, that he could not have foreseen in the opening pages. The dialogue is immensely good; crackling, terse and believable. The theme is human and the result is unpretentious, sparely written and altogether satisfying.

After careful consideration I would say that THE CONCRETE FLAMINGO (Cassell. 13s. 6d.) by Charles Williams, was one of the best thrillers I had read for many, many months. The setting, the Florida Keys, Miami's luxury boulevards or a small town in Louisiana, are not of

THE MATADOR'S LIFE

The Autobiography of Carlos Arruza

When the great matador Don Juan Belmonte was once asked to comment upon his autobiography he is said to have replied that it had never occurred to him to read it. The same story could no doubt be told of many a celebrity, but not of Carlos Arruza, whose book MY LIFE AS A MATADOR (Hutchinson. 21s.) is very much the work of his own hand and a reflection of his own strong personality. Barnaby Conrad, an expert on the bull ring and a writer of distinction, has helped Arruza in the presentation of this dramatic story. Arruza's name must in large degree have escaped public notice in Britain, for he was at the height of his fame during and immediately after the war years, when our newspapers of limited size were concentrating upon another and larger arena. How Arruza emerged from the slums of Mexico City to be the highest-paid matador of his day, even exceeding the rewards paid to his famous rival Manolete, is a testimony to his skill, courage, and single-minded persistence. Arruza shows how incredibly difficult (and dangerous) is the rise to the summit. Once there the danger is ever present, one good performance, as he says, is only the prelude to the next good performance, but one bad one and the public begin to place their matador on the downward path. Even those with a distaste for the bull ring may discover that it is a remarkable testimony by one man who has won himself security by living dangerously for twenty years of his life.

Richard Wright, a distinguished American Negro writer, who has made two journeys through Spain and sought to make contact with the people at many levels, to interpret current thinking, is also much preoccupied with the affairs of the bull ring. In fact he gives more than one chapter to the subject in his new book PAGAN SPAIN (Bodley Head. 18s.), and he is obviously deeply critical of these displays of human and animal courage in the public arena in the presence of " an emotionally starved people," as he calls the Spanish. Mr. Wright is blunt, sometimes violent in his views, and often emotional. Many people may disagree with his summing up of the Spanish scene. They may indeed at times find it hard to recognise Spain in these pages. But here is a writer, uprooted from his own racial heritage, looking at white people still caught in their age-old traditions. We have every reason to learn his view, and no wonder it is full of the unexpected; but one cannot escape the thought that Mr. Wright went to Spain with the preconceived notion that there is no good there. Because of this attitude, and despite his perceptiveness, the author's travels seem to have yielded only a negative result. Even so, he has written a book that is at once passionate and human, and withal most readable.

Those who have driven through the Toulouse gap after taking the road through Western France will have at least a passing knowledge of the country rich in architecture, history and natural beauty that leads to the Spanish frontier and the Mediterranean. Andrew Shirley, who died in 1948, left an intimate glimpse of this enchanting area in SOUTH FROM TOULOUSE (Chatto and Windus. 25s.). His book is full of delight in the everyday scene, and tales of chance encounters by the way. *South From Toulouse* has some excellent photographs to adorn an always lively and scholarly text.

DEAN OF THE THISTLE

Dr. Charles Warr, Minister of St. Giles', Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal of Scotland for decades, was indeed a son of the manse, but born with a silver spoon in the right place. A fine batsman, he survived several confident appeals and went on to score freely all round the wicket. We learn from his urbane and scholarly THE GLIMMERING LANDSCAPE (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) how two specialists condemned him to banishment in New Zealand in youth, and how he was saved by a more exact diagnosis. In the First World War he was badly wounded at Ypres when a majority of his unit perished. He gives us a pleasant picture of a Victorian childhood at Rosneath under the patronage of Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll. The Princess became his fairy godmother. He went on to Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities and well describes the life there. He entered the Ministry and very soon the fairy godmother showered her gifts on a gifted godson. Chosen as Minister of St. Giles', her constant pressure of his merits on the Sovereign resulted in his appointment at a very early age, against all precedent and the claims of several more obvious choices, as Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal. Some murmured "it was managed by a job." It proved a good job, too." He devoted himself to St. Giles', and all the cultural interests of Edinburgh, inspired the Thistle Chapel with the help of the Leslie-Melville family, and enjoyed great influence in the General Assembly. He found time to write popular books and contribute important articles on theological and historical subjects. *Chéri des Princesses*, he soon became *ami des rois*, and his chapter on the charms of Balmoral and the virtues of the Royal Family is as adulatory as one would expect. And many a dewdrop falls on the Scottish nobility. There is an interesting note from behind the scenes on the rape of the Coronation stone. It is a kindly, broadminded, happy book, and such criticism as there is in it is reserved for religious matters. It is certainly a success story in autobiography.

John Gore

(*Continued from previous page*)

nature to exist in any other civilisation, but the characters are universal and therefore, to my mind, unforgettable. It is the story of a plan for The Perfect Murder and I don't propose to tell anyone how perfect or imperfect the result of the crime turns out to be. My only quibble, in fact, would be with the author's last few pages which seemed to me the first compromise between the intentions of his plot and the possible reaction of a reading public. I should have said that he might have rated us a little more highly, and with less proclivity to doing our own murders than he did. But, this aside, I have absolutely no reservation in recommending a book for which I gladly neglected one good meal and several hours' sleep.

THE CHINESE LAKE MURDERS (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is another in Mr. Robert van Gulik's series about a wise, seventh-century judge and the crimes, each of them suggested by ancient Chinese plots, which he unravels. If this sounds like a forbidding conjunction to the reader of detective stories who, understandably, would prefer the minimum of work to achieve his reaction of excitement or pleasure, I would say that nothing could be more readable, more simply or more effectively planned.

Vernon Fane

Hugh Baillie, who began his journalistic career as a gun-carrying reporter in Los Angeles when that city was only just emerging from its frontier phase, is now a past President of the United Press. He has been reporting world events for over half a century. HIGH TENSION (Werner Laurie. 21s.) is Mr. Baillie's exhilarating account of all the great and near great, the notorious and the infamous, whom he has met on his journalistic travels. The author's personal judgments are perhaps the special interest of this book, and it is noteworthy how high he places Eisenhower in the category of modern statesmen. Regarding de Gaulle, Mr. Baillie is brief and to the point. His meetings with France's man of destiny were not very rewarding, but somehow the author was certain that the General would emerge from his post-war half-obscurity once again into the full glare of world affairs.

BERLIN AIRLIFT (Cassell. 21s.) is Robert Rodrigo's account of that very remarkable exercise in 1948 which helped to save all Berlin from falling under the drab spell of the Eastern Zone. Mr. Rodrigo has marshalled the facts with skill, and his narrative reflects the sense of urgency in those hectic days and the whole pace of that almost miraculous political deliverance.

William Lindsay Gresham's HOUDINI (Gollancz. 21s.) is the biography of perhaps the greatest escapist of all time. Houdini escaped from handcuffs, ropes, chains and strait-jackets; at every town in which he played he always asked the police to lock him up, and he invariably got away. If there was a river at hand Houdini usually jumped in, chained and padlocked from ankles to eyebrows, and after tense minutes he always bobbed to the surface seemingly quite unperturbed. This is a well-told story, and one would hazard a certain best-seller. **R. C. E.**

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S LATEST "WHODUNNIT": In a scene from *Go Back for Murder* at the Duchess Theatre, London, are from left background—Philip Blake (Anthony Marlowe), Lady Melksham (Lisa Daniely), Meredith Blake (Laurence Hardy), and Miss Williams (Margot Boyd). Kneeling over Amyas Crale (Nigel Green) is Caroline Crale (Ann Firbank).

PLAYS IN THE WEST END

Agatha Christie's plays are a by-word for ingenuity. Her latest, *Go Back for Murder*, which opened last Wednesday, is her seventeenth. The scene above is a flash-back in Act I of the play. It shows Caroline Crale with the body of her murdered husband. Caroline is convicted of the murder but leaves a letter explaining her innocence, to be opened by her daughter Carla on her twenty-first birthday. This part is also played by Ann Firbank. The play opens with the daughter reading the letter, and then comes the flashback. After this follows the daughter's re-investigation of the murder among the people who were present sixteen years before.

THE "MONKEY TRIAL" ON THE STAGE: *Left*—In a scene from *Inherit the Wind*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, in London, are from left to right—Rachel Brown (Elizabeth Shepherd), E. K. Hornbeck (Daniel Moynihan) and the Rev. Jeremiah Brown (Noel Coleman). The American play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee is based on a notorious trial which took place in the 1920s, in Tennessee, when a teacher was committed for trial for giving one of his classes a brief outline of Darwin's theories on the origin of species. *Right*—Henry Drummond (Andrew Cruikshank) points at Matthew Harrison Brady (Henry McCarthy). Centre is the judge (Peter Carlisle). Drummond is the name given to the defending counsel, who in the Tennessee trial was Clarence Darrow, in some ways the greatest of American attorneys. His opponent was William Jennings Bryan (called in the play Brady), a thrice-defeated Presidential candidate. *Inherit the Wind* was first performed in England in February at the Pembroke Theatre, in Croydon. It was greeted with enthusiastic acclaim and has been transferred with the same leading players to the West End. The drama was first performed in the U.S. some years ago.

RESTORATIONS AT OXFORD

The exhibition, which closes on March 30, at Kodak House in Kingsway, London, illustrates the work inaugurated by the Oxford Historic Buildings Fund. In June 1957 an appeal was launched over many distinguished signatures to finance the urgently needed repairs and restorations on many of the University's colleges and other buildings. The target set was £1,750,000. This was reached in little over a year. A Board of Trustees, under the chairmanship of Lord Bridges, was formed for the Fund.

The photographs, taken by Mr. J. W. Thomas, of Oxford, show progress to date. The South Front of the Sheldonian has been restored and so has the garden front of Wadham. The Chapel of Trinity has been refaced and work is proceeding on the Library front at Worcester. These are only a few examples of what is being done.

So far expenditure has been £250,000 on a programme which should take ten years to complete. The Trustees, however, have sounded a warning note. They state that the repairs have made it sadly evident that the decay of certain buildings is worse than had been thought. Further financial help will be required, the exact amount of which cannot be determined, if the work to Oxford's buildings is to be satisfactorily finished.

BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT: The restored and cleaned section of the north front of the Fellows' Building in Corpus Christi College contrasts sharply with the part still to be treated. The photographs reproduced on this page are among those to be seen at the current exhibition of recent photographs of Oxford, at Kodak House in Kingsway, London. They are the work of Mr. J. W. Thomas, of Oxford, and illustrate the progress being made in the restorations and repairs on the University's colleges and other institutions under the auspices of the Oxford Historic Buildings Fund, which was launched in 1957 and raised £1,750,000.

ASPECTS OF OXFORD: Lord Bridges, Chairman of the Trustees of the Oxford Historic Buildings Fund, examines some of the photographs in the London exhibition. As the decay of certain buildings is worse than had been thought, further money will be needed beyond the amount already raised.

RESTORATIONS IN PROGRESS: A mason fits a gable cap on top of the front of University College on High Street. In the background are All Souls', with, behind, the spire of St. Mary's Church and the dome of the Radcliffe Camera. *On left*—Steam is used to clean a wall of the Divinity Schools.

YOUTH AND ZEST

New-born Babies in Two Zoos; a Jumping Antelope

MOTHER AND CUB: In the polar bear pool at the Zoological Gardens in Chester, Rack gazes over a rock round the bottom of which her 15-week-old cub Motty is peering.

On right—

OUT FOR A WALK: Motty trots closely behind Rack as they promenade in the bear pool. The male parent of the cub is named Rubble.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC: Rack balances on her hind legs and down below the infant Motty follows her example. The cub, born on December 5 last year, made a first appearance before the public in Chester Zoo on Tuesday of last week. Motty's sex had still to be determined, because any attempt to approach near would almost certainly have been most ferociously repelled by the mother bear. The cub is the first polar bear cub to be reared in the North of England.

NO DIFFICULTY IN IDENTIFICATION: A female goat regards three kids on the rocks surrounding Mappin Terrace in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, London. The mother would have no problem in identifying which of the new-born goats was her own offspring.

AN ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE AT LONDON ZOO: Dandy, a four-year-old impala, leaps in front of the outstretched arms of his keeper, Mr. Cotterell. Impala, which are found in many parts of Africa, possess an astonishing ability for jumping.

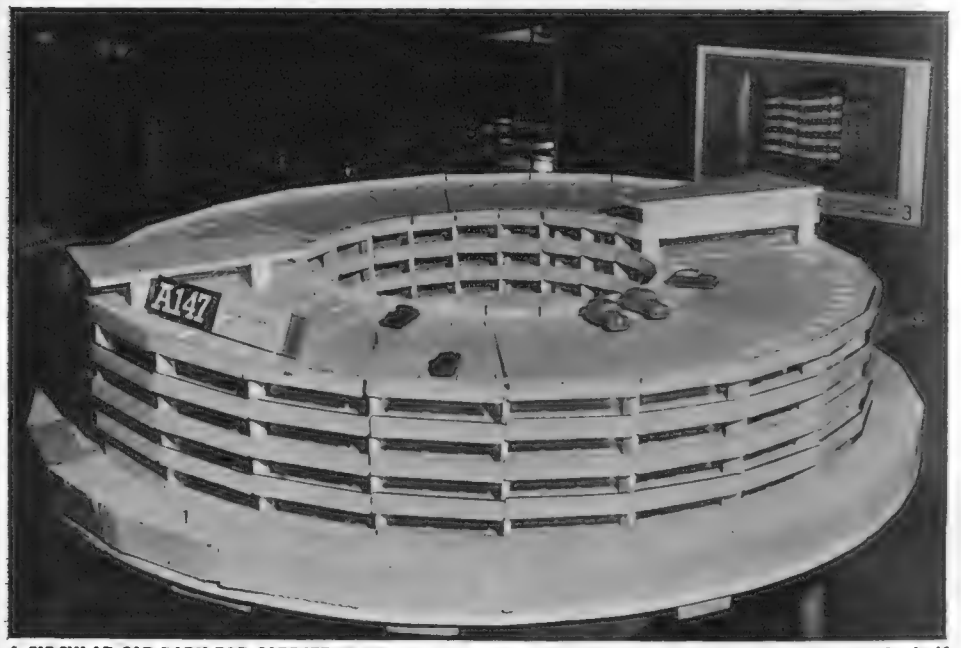
AN EXHIBITION OF CAR PARKING: The model is of the "Auto Stacker," one of the exhibits in the show at the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, held between March 18 and 26. The eight-storey garage is designed for Woolwich, near London, and will be fully automatic. A mechanical lift will take the cars to their berths. Rates will be about 2s. 6d. per twelve hours. Cost of building will be about £400 per car space.

ANOTHER AUTOMATIC METHOD OF PARKING: In the "Motopark," vehicles are taken to their places by a lift and a trolley. The controller presses a button for a berth almost as if he were summoning an ordinary lift. The system is designed and will be built by subsidiaries of Land and General Developments Limited.

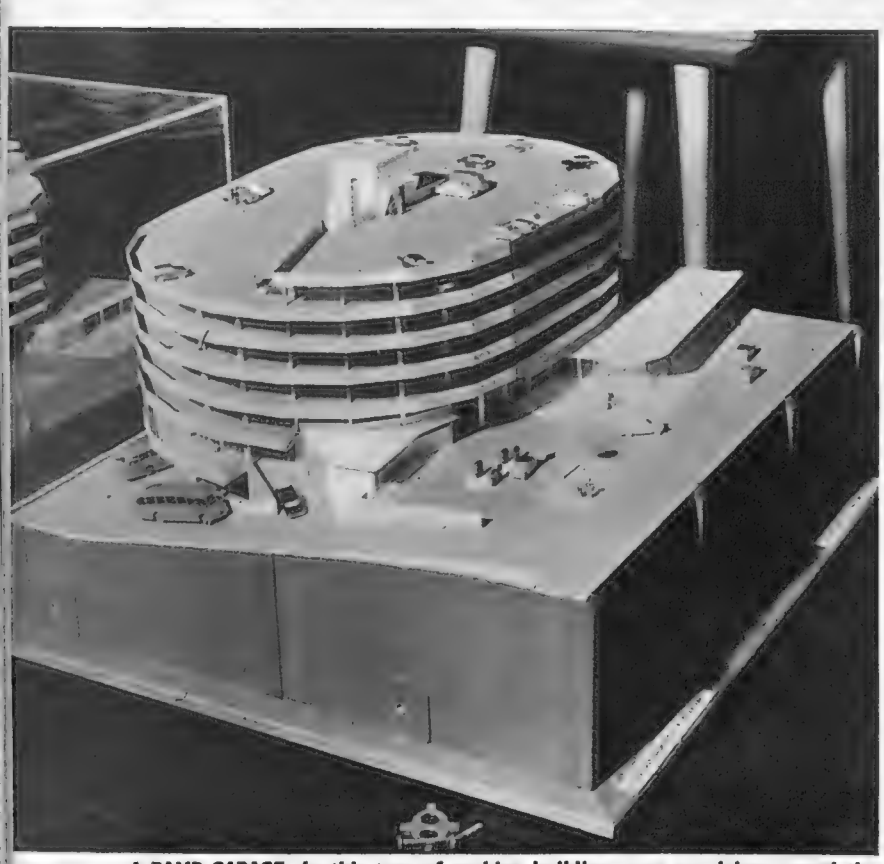
AN EXHIBITION OF CAR PARKS

Models on Show in London

The need for off-street parking facilities is of growing urgency in most towns and cities. With the increasing number of motor vehicles coming into use, the prosperity of central areas depends to a large extent on the ease with which cars can be used there. It was with this in mind that the British Road Federation recently staged a car-parking exhibition in London. On display was a comprehensive collection of models, photographs, drawings and plans of buildings designed to house the parked car. Schemes and completed projects in all five continents were illustrated. There were thirty-five models of parking structures, including those of the multi-storey type, above and underground, mechanical garages and many of the ramp kind. Most of the garages already built are of the ramp type, but those now under construction are mainly of the automatic kind. With each scheme the details were given of charges for parking that would recoup the capital spent on the building of the structure. These varied considerably from scheme to scheme and between the areas where the park was, or is to be, built. For multi-storey garages without offices or shops on the ground floor the cost, excluding the price of the ground, at Exeter would be about £150 per car space; at Cardiff, £300; Leeds, £450; Houndsditch and Shoe Lane, London, £400 to £500; Upper Thames Street, London, £650; and Westminster, £790. In the example of a multi-storey garage with the ground-floor used for other purposes, the cost per car space was £600. For underground car parks, costs of building are higher. Charges for motorists vary from 1s. a day in Coventry to 10s. a day in London's West End.



A CIRCULAR CAR PARK FOR CARDIFF: The ramp garage has two floors above ground and one and a half below. With two entrances there are thus seven circuits in all. There will be room for 720 car spaces, each space costing £200 to build. Rates will vary from 1s. 6d. to 3s. per day, the cars being parked by customers. The rate of intake and discharge will be about 480 cars per hour.



A RAMP GARAGE: In this type of parking building, cars are driven round the ramps till they come to their allotted spaces. They descend by lift. At the exhibition there were many examples of foreign types of garage.

AN UNDERGROUND CAR PARK FOR LONDON: It is to be built at Finsbury Square. Cars reach the garage by a ramp. There will be room for 335 cars parked by attendants or 255 if drivers themselves park the cars. An underground car park costs more to build than a multi-storey type.

"CANBERRA": THE LATEST IN LINERS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE "CANBERRA" UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Tall cranes surround the partly-built liner as work goes ahead on her aluminium superstructure. The *Canberra* is being built for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company by Harland and Wolff Ltd. at their Belfast yard. She was launched on Wednesday of last week by Dame Pattie Menzies, the wife of the Australian Prime Minister. The *Canberra* will enter service on the United Kingdom—Australia—west coast of North America routes next year.

EVEN at the best of times, few human enterprises rival in scale and complexity the design and construction of a great passenger liner, and none is more closely custom-built to a particular purpose. In sheer size, the big ship is the largest single, integral structure man makes. While among ships great bulk carriers such as the super-tanker will match the liner for size, these are inherently simpler, petroleum being less demanding and more docile than people. The floating hotel simile is overworked, but within limits accurate—the limits being that this hotel has to be designed to tilt and lurch constantly in different directions, and to carry, built-in, its own public utilities, such as a waterworks, power supply, and a specially complicated drainage system. Moreover, each liner is built for a particular trade, and that trade—or what can be surmised about the course of that trade over the next twenty-five to thirty years from the time when the shipowner decides to build the liner—dominates her design, setting owner and naval architect a complex set of equations with constraints on every factor.

Post-war circumstances have not offered the best of times to design new passenger liners. Since the war shipping in general has enjoyed a decade of boom followed by some years of slump. Within that, the passenger trades in general have had somewhat steadier business. Even to-day, for example, there is no oversupply of passenger tonnage in the world fleet. But experience has varied sharply from one major passenger route to another; fluctuations in the world economy affect the volume of travel as well as of trade, and for that matter few ships except the giants of the North Atlantic are "pure" passenger liners relatively unconcerned with cargo movement. Moreover, the carriage of passengers, if steadier than the haulage of cargo, is more directly vulnerable to a steadily expanding competitor, air transport. Any shipowner considering the replacement of passenger tonnage to-day has two extra unknowns in his equations: how much extra travel the continued expansion of air transport will generate over the coming years; and how much of that the ship can hope to capture or keep.

In 1954-55, when the Peninsular and Oriental group came to consider further replacement of tonnage for its Australian and Far Eastern passenger services, it became clear that another special factor of the post-war period—the galloping inflation of shipbuilding costs—would dictate a major change in its design policy. In the early post-war years, P. & O. had designed the *Himalaya* class and the Orient Line the *Orcades* class of liner for this trade—22-knot liners of 22,000-28,000 tons. The first four post-war liners cost, on average, about £5,000,000 each, far more than the pre-war liners. But they were fast enough to cut 24 hours off the longest leg of the voyage in comparison with the 18½-knot *Strath* class, and keep the service economic.

Since those first post-war liners had been built, shipbuilding costs had continued to "escalate" at about 7-8 per cent. a year; by 1955, to between five and six times the pre-war level. Moreover, the Australian trade, in the words of Sir William Currie, "is what at sea we would call tender; it lacks stability and is vulnerable to economic stress." It had returned to its sharply seasonal pattern, with a peak demand for berths during parts of the year and a trough in between. It was, again, substantially dependent upon migration to Australia, which means much more travel outward to the Antipodes than back to Europe. The group's calculations of future traffic—for ships that take roughly five years from decision to commission, and then need a profitable working life of twenty-five years—could no longer justify ships of the tonnage or the speed of the *Himalaya*. At the capital costs of 1955-60, they would no longer offer an economic proposition. Nor did P. & O. believe any combination of smaller ships, or ships with more cargo and fewer passengers, would serve the requirements of this trade.

These requirements, plus the cost of building, dictated a yet faster ship, which meant a larger one. Speed is expensive; a larger ship is relatively more economical in capital and operating cost, but it ties up one's capital in bigger indivisible units, which are costlier if they should chance to be under-utilised. So the chance of an economic proposition for the service implied a bigger risk. P. & O. and Orient considered various combinations of speed and carrying capacity, and many assumptions about the development of traffic on the service.

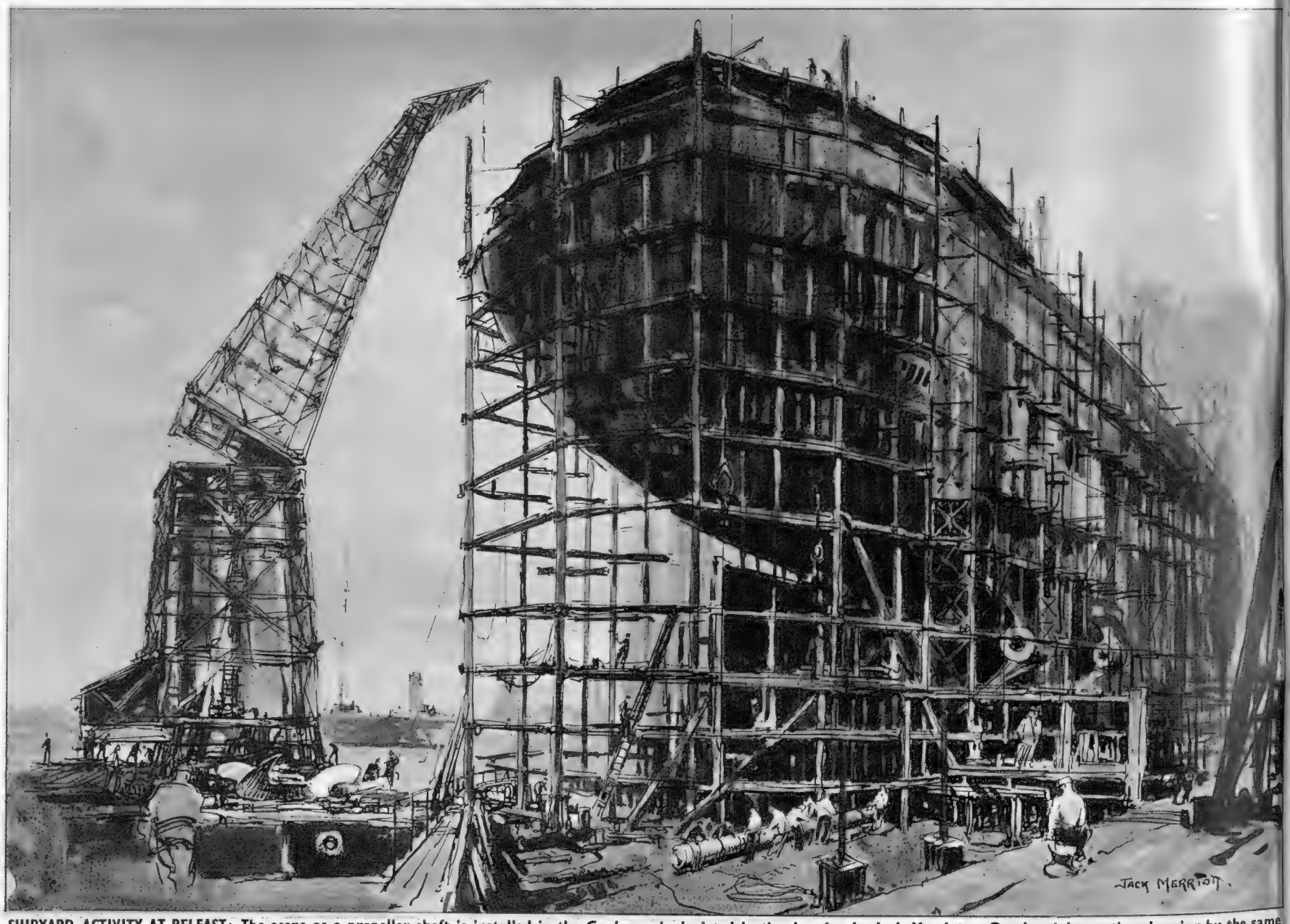
One positive factor in these calculations was the further development of the service itself. Since 1954 the Orient Line had begun extending its Australian voyages across the Pacific, via Honolulu, to Vancouver and San Francisco. The Far Eastern voyages of the two companies, again, could be extended to link Hong Kong and Japan with the west coast of North America. Finally, "triangular" voyages could be arranged to link Australia, the west coast of America, the Far East and Australia again. This development, while the new ships have been building, has gone ahead: in 1958,

(*Article continued on pages* 488-489)

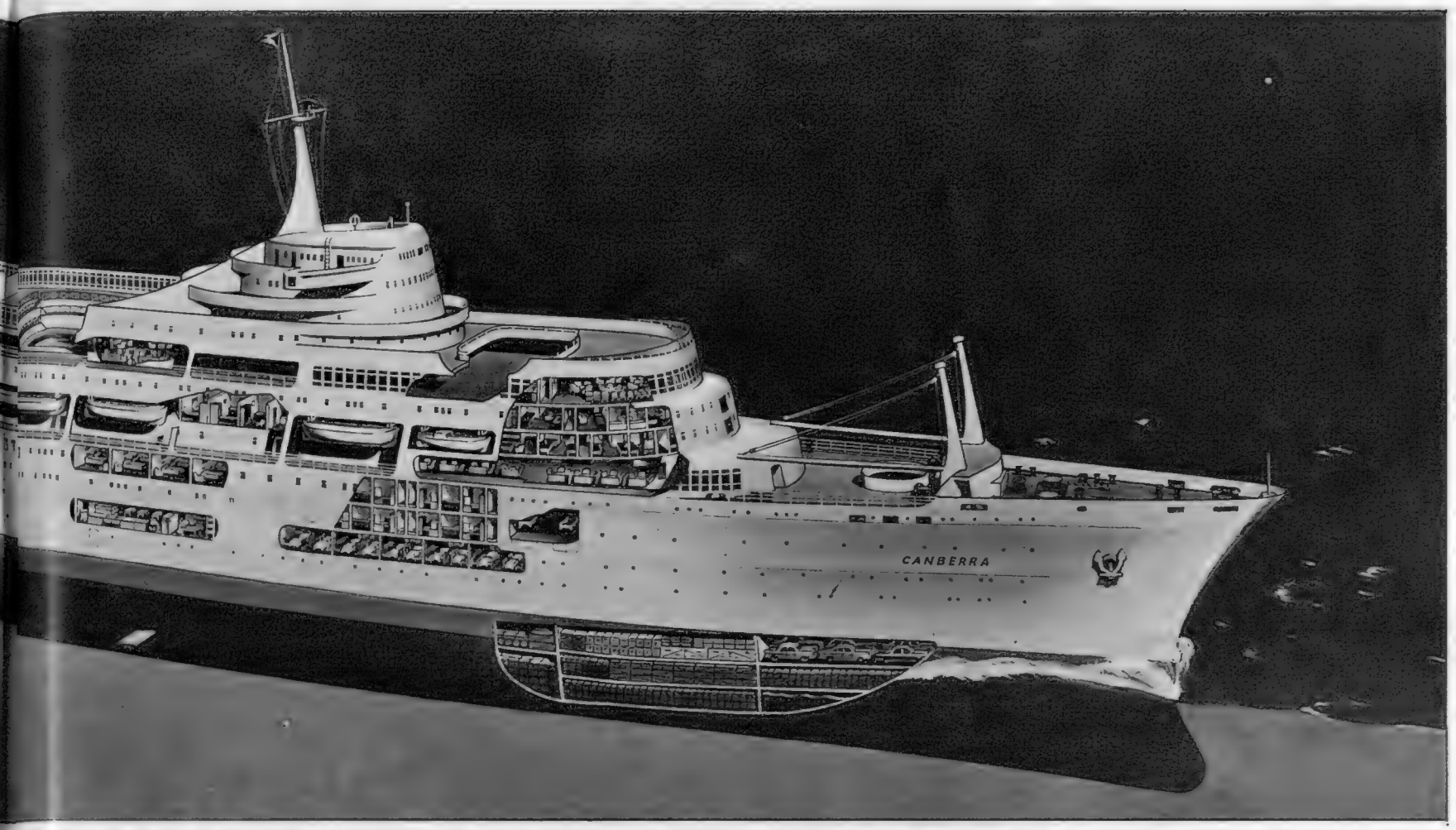
On left—

BUILDING THE "CANBERRA": The drawing by Jack Merriott shows the scene in the Belfast shipyard as the new liner is constructed. The *Canberra* was laid down in September 1957, on No. 14 slipway in the builder's Musgrave shipyard. At the peak period of construction some 3,500 of the shipyard's 11,000 workmen were employed in the building of the liner.

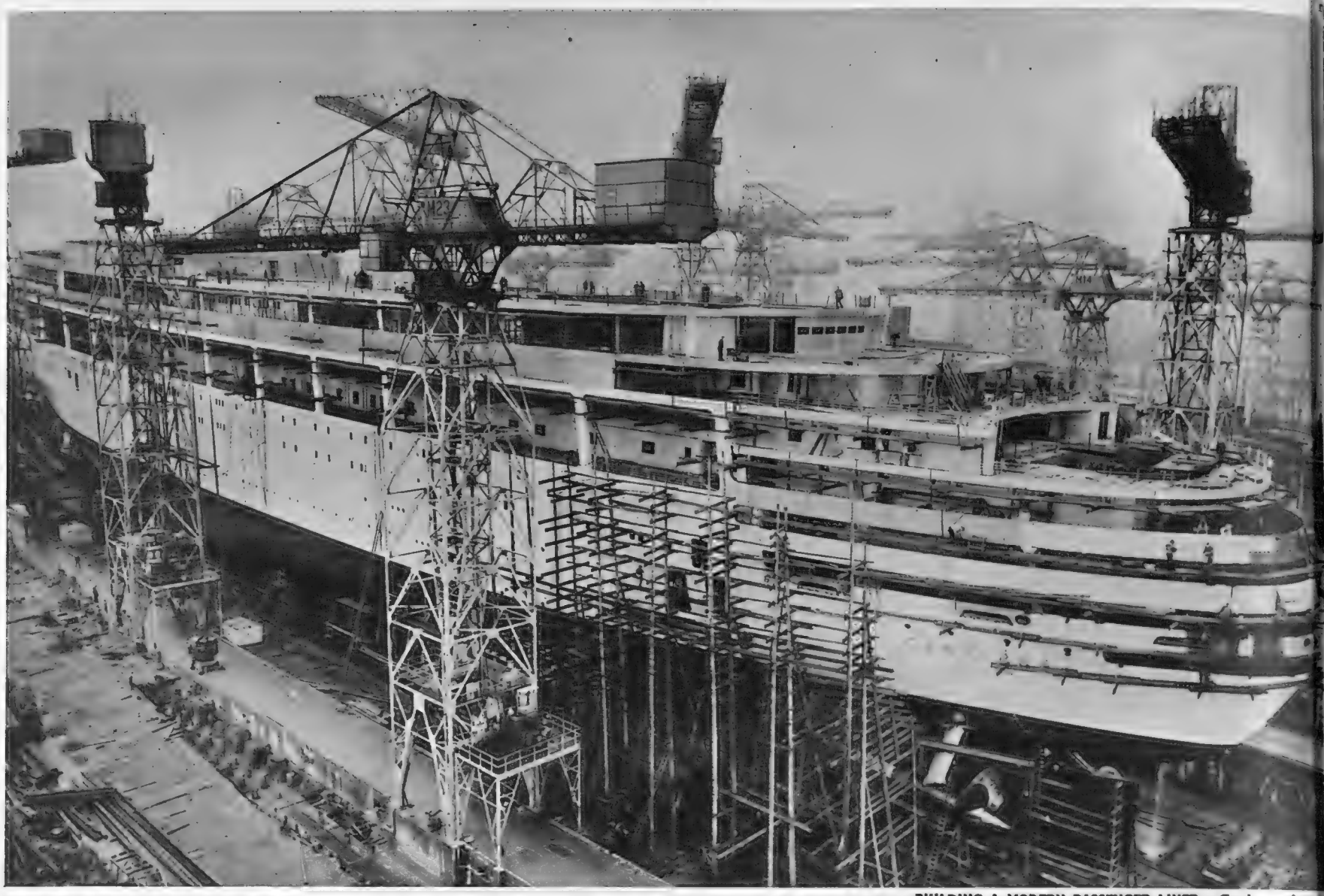
"CANBERRA": THE LATEST IN LINERS



SHIPYARD ACTIVITY AT BELFAST: The scene as a propeller shaft is installed in the *Canberra* is depicted in the drawing by Jack Merriott. *On the right* another drawing by the same artist gives a general view of the 45,000-ton liner on the stocks. The first ship Harland and Wolff built for P. & O. was a three-masted, screw-propelled iron schooner, *Rosetta*, in the late 1870's. Since then the shipbuilder's task has become vastly more complex. In the *Canberra*, 300 miles of electric wiring and 100 miles of piping will be installed.



CUT-AWAY DRAWING OF THE "CANBERRA": The exposed part at the forward end of the ship near the waterline shows the freshwater tank and Nos. 1, 2 and 3 holds and 'tween decks. Just aft of the twin derricks forward is the light and air hatch over the crew's swimming-pool. The forward end of the superstructure has been cut away to show: on top, the observation lounge; in the middle, first-class "court" cabins; and below, first-class public rooms. The side plates are removed to reveal: forward, cargo transporters; on top, more first-class "court" cabins; and below, the first-class dining-room. Amidships through the side of the liner can be seen: below, the first-class galley; and above it, first-class "verandah" suites. Above is the Abolido Club, a night-club for first-class passengers, and aft of that the first-class swimming-pool. Exposed parts aft show from the top: tourist-class cabins on "A" deck; the tourist-class lounge and reading room; the hospital area; the tourist-class dining-room; the engine-room; and the propulsion motor. Further aft, below the twin funnels, are the boiler-room and the Open "A" bracket supporting the propeller shaft.



BUILDING A MODERN PASSENGER LINER: *Canberra* **is on the stocks at Belfast before her launching. At her stern, painting is in progress. The 45,000-ton liner has her engines aft, a design which gives increased space for passenger accommodation, less weight throughout, with the reduction in length of shafting and machinery casings; and other advantages.**

"CANBERRA": THE LATEST IN LINERS

(*Continued from page 485*)

P. & O. and the Orient Line combined to form " Orient and Pacific Lines " to offer this complete new service covering the whole Pacific basin.

These longer voyages called for greater speed. Speed, in a ship, largely dictates size. The technical requirements for a steam or motor-ship do not differ much in this respect from the old rule for a sailing ship close-hauled, of which the maximum speed in knots is roughly equal to the square root of her length in feet on the waterline. The next practical step upwards in speed, from the immediate post-war classes built for this trade, was what would lop another 24 hours off the longest leg of the ship's voyage; in this case, 27 knots or slightly more. That implied a length on the waterline of the order of 725-750 ft. The draught was set by what could go through the Suez Canal and be handled at the intended ports of call. The group's calculations of future traffic, combined with the number of trips practicable during operating seasons and the year as a whole, set passenger requirements. Speed, again, dictated the power required to drive this ship through the water.

The outcome of these several interlocking equations gave the specifications for P. & O.'s *Canberra*—which do not differ much from those of the *Oriana* that the Orient Line has been building to develop the service with her:

Length between perpendiculars	740 ft.
Length overall	820 ft.
Beam	102 ft.
Maximum load draught	32 ft. 6 ins.
Maximum shaft horsepower	85,000
Speed	27½ knots
Passengers	550 first class 1,685 tourist class
Crew	1,000
Gross Tonnage	45,000

Such a specification derived from the logic of the trading requirements. Translating it into a design for a particular ship was a matter of more individual choice. Though Harland and Wolff, the chosen builder, is responsible for much of the detailed design, primary responsibility was given by P. & O. to one of their own naval architects, Mr. John West, then only twenty-nine years of age.

Not the most attractive factor arising from these calculations, as Sir Donald Anderson, the new chairman of the P. & O. Group, has recently commented, was the fact that " the theoretical best investment was also the biggest investment per unit." Two 45,000-tonners of this type looked a better investment than, say, three 30,000-tonners, but it meant locking up some £15,000,000 in each ship. Getting the best possible design for the money, therefore, and the most economical operating costs, became even more important.

Choice of the type of propulsion machinery has always been a major factor in the design of powered vessels. Of late, an equally important choice has become the location of that machinery. Traditionally, a ship's engines have been amidships; but in 1955, with the *Southern Cross*, the Shaw Savill line showed that a large passenger liner could successfully adopt the system of placing the engines aft. For the *Canberra*, P. & O. decided to adopt this layout, which increases the space available for passenger accommodation, cuts weight by reducing shafting and machinery casings, leaves the centre of the ship clear for passenger accommodation and public rooms, and moves noise and heat aft. But putting 85,000 s.h.p. aft, in the largest passenger liner built in British yards since the *Queen Elizabeth*, involved many specialised problems. (The group, through the Orient Line's *Oriana*, has been able, incidentally, to hedge its bet: the *Oriana*, though vastly modernised and equally introducing new features, builds upon the basic midships-engined design that was carried from the *Strath* class of the '30's on to the successful *Himalaya* and *Orcades* liners built immediately after the war.)

Engines aft required considerable experimentation with the underwater form of the hull. Engines of 85,000 s.h.p. required a choice between geared steam turbines or turbo-electric drive. In the event, in spite of slight penalties in weight, size and cost, P. & O. opted for the turbo-electric machinery. It had advantages in flexibility and manœuvrability, and considerable experience could be borrowed from turbines of similar temperatures and pressures that were working on land. Many hull forms were considered, and eventually it was decided to use one with a " ram-bulb " bow reminiscent of the old dreadnoughts, which cuts down resistance of the vessel and the amount of water shipped over the bows in a ship of these high speeds.

THE BULBOUS BOW: Weighing 33 tons, the bulb reduces the resistance of the ship travelling at speed. Bulb shapes were tested by William Denny and Brothers Ltd.

THE PROPELLER AT THE BOW: Running in a transverse tunnel, the screw will make the mooring of the ship easier. It is controlled from the bridge.

"CANBERRA" ON THE STOCKS: The forward part of the liner's aluminium superstructure gleams in the sunlight as the vessel stands surrounded by scaffolding in the Belfast shipyard. In the berth behind the *Canberra's* is the *Arlanza*, a smaller passenger liner which is under construction. The P. & O. vessel will cost approximately £15,000,000.

Such a speed requires careful study of the form above as well as below water. Models of the *Canberra* were subjected to wind tunnel tests to find the best shape of superstructure to give sheltered deck conditions when the ship is steaming 27½ knots into, say, a 30-knot wind. Funnel design, again, had to keep the after-decks clear of soot and smoke.

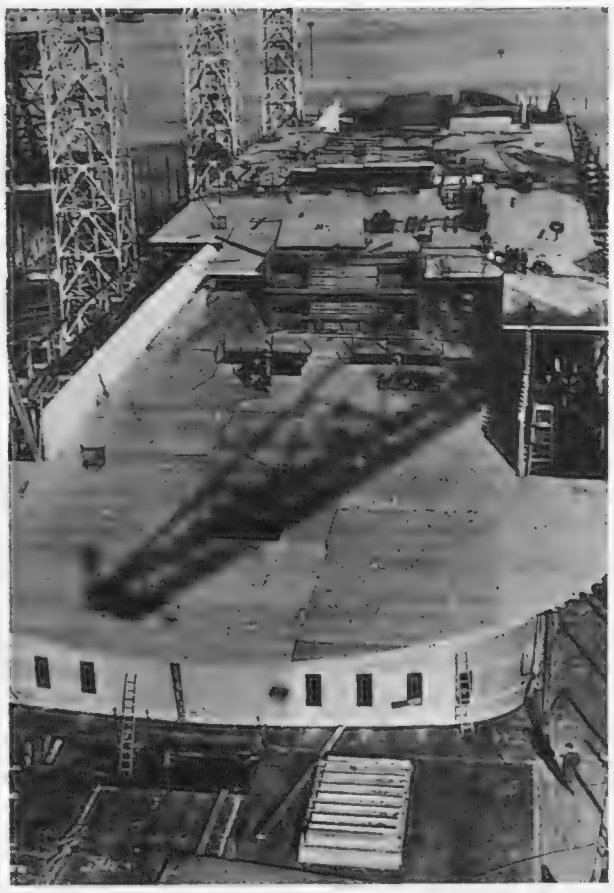
This basic design with engines aft has allowed the "hotel block" of the *Canberra* to be preserved as a unity in the centre of the ship. Crew cabins were placed on the upper decks forward of the passengers; officers' accommodation and bridge above the passenger block; galleys, stores and fuel below. To gain the maximum accommodation within the ship, P. & O. decided to use aluminium for the whole superstructure. Some 1,100 tons are being used in the largest all-welded light alloy superstructure of any ship afloat, which saved 1,500 tons in weight and gave room for 250 extra passengers in a given size of hull. The lifeboats are situated lower than the usual boat deck, and within the ship's breadth.

Within the "hotel block," the main emphasis has been on suiting the passenger's point of view. At the base of it are the dining-rooms; then come two decks of cabins; then a deck of public rooms (the lifeboat deck); two more decks of cabins, and then more public rooms above. Many of the cabins have been planned around "courts" with windows looking out to sea. All first-class cabins, and many tourist cabins, have their own bath-rooms or showers. Each cabin has ice-water on tap. As this would ordinarily have meant three taps in each washbasin, P. & O. has had a special "non-conclusive" tap designed to give both hot and cold water.

Throughout the accommodation use has been made of plastics of many kinds; from shower and toilet compartments moulded in glass-reinforced polyester resins to melamine laminates for table-top surfaces and soft p.v.c. plastic coverings for the walls, which will obviate any painting of cabins during the whole operating life of the *Canberra*. Each cabin will have a two-programme radio. The first-class cabins will be served with closed-circuit television. This will not be the only use of the system on board. The chief engineer, from his office, will be able to look in at all the main gauges and instruments in each of the ship's four machinery compartments.

Some 2,250 passengers embarking on a voyage of some weeks each take a considerable amount of baggage. The *Canberra*, also, will be carrying up to 150,000 cub. ft. of cargo. The ship has been so designed as to make both readily accessible and yet not to interrupt the passenger block with cargo trunks and hatches. Two of the ship's three holds, therefore, are designed for side loading with a special transporter housed on rollers within the ship. When the ship is in port the boom is run out over the quay and the cargo moved by hoisting and traversing mechanisms controlled from a cab.

The *Oriana*, launched in November 1959, may have her maiden voyage by the end of this year; the *Canberra*, launched last week, is likely to begin her business career in the early spring of 1961. During the last few weeks P. & O. has acquired full control of the Orient Line by buying up the minority interest in its equity. The two liners and the rest of the two companies' fleets on this route will now offer a fully integrated service, bringing down the Sydney run from its present four weeks to three. This compares with about 46 hours by air for much the same top first-class fare—£650-£700-odd. But part of the "act of faith" involved in building these two great liners is the belief that the more travelled man of the future will still, much of the time, choose comfort.



THE ALUMINIUM SUPERSTRUCTURE: Work is proceeding on the forward end of "B" deck while "A" deck is under construction. In the centre is the first-class main stairway.

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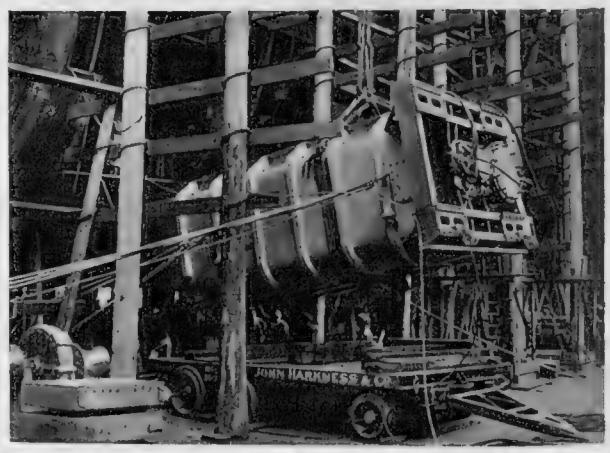
"CANBERRA": THE LATEST IN LINERS

THE FORWARD PART OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE: The top area is the games arena, and immediately below it is the observation lounge. Below that are two decks of first-class cabins, with below them the first-class public rooms. The *Canberra* will carry 600 first-class passengers and 1,650 tourist-class. The accommodation can be converted in such a way that 550 first-class passengers and 1,750 tourist-class passengers can be carried.

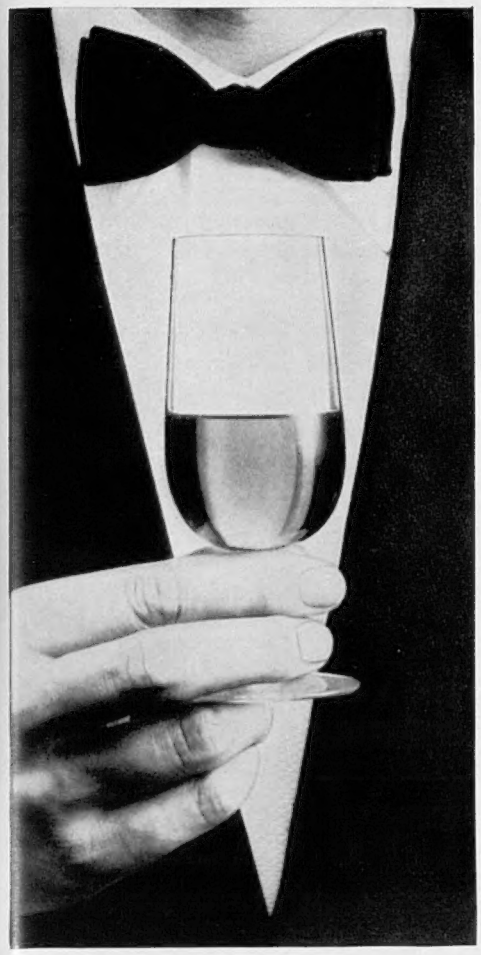
On left—
ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT FOR THE NEW LINER: The mighty anchors of the *Canberra* are at the works of their makers, Samuel Taylor and Sons (Brierley Hill) Ltd., Staffordshire. Each of the anchors weighs 10 tons and is 12 ft. long and 8 ft. wide. They are the largest made by the company since the 16-ton anchors for the *Queen Elizabeth*. Two will be at the bows of the vessel and the other at the stern.

On right—
A LIFEBOAT FOR THE "CANBERRA": The craft is being tested at Eel Pie Island, on the Thames, near Twickenham. It is 36 ft. long and can carry 143 persons. Powered by a 30 b.h.p. diesel engine, the lifeboat is made of glass-reinforced polyester resin. The *Canberra* has twenty-four lifeboats, including two rescue boats. Eight of the lifeboats have diesel engines.



On right—
TO REDUCE ROLLING: The hydraulic machinery of the port forward Denny-Brown stabiliser is shipped through the side of the *Canberra*. The liner is equipped with two sets of stabilising equipment, which will reduce rolling to two or three degrees. The control of the angle of tilt, and hence the righting moment, is derived from electrically driven gyroscopes.

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS



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Publications TCV. 1516 and 1528 give further information on the "Trusty" and oilfield transport.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

(*Continued from March 12*)

Stage 8: Oban to Troon (163 miles). Another fine day, I hope, for there is something of scenic interest nearly all the way. Make an early start, for there is 97 miles to do before lunch and you will want to pull up here and there. Follow the route along the north shore of Loch Awe to Crianlarich then southwards to the Trossachs, then visit Aberfoyle for lunch at the famous BUCHANAN ARMS at Drymen. Then head for Balloch and Dumbarton and make for the Erskine Ferry, thus avoiding Glasgow. On crossing the ferry the route follows the Clyde to Gourock and then comes a fascinating run along the Firth of Clyde to Troon, where another game of golf may well attract our inquirer from the Philippines.

Stage 9: Troon to Keswick (140 miles). Some tourists suppose that they have left all the fine scenery behind them once they have crossed the Clyde. What a misconception! A wonderful finale to a tour of Scotland is the road from Troon to Dalmellington to Dalry down to New Galloway and on to Dumfries. From there on to Carlisle and presently the mountains of the Lake District will commence to loom. I suggest you start early and thus make Keswick for a late lunch. Thus you have an afternoon to make a diversion via Buttermere and over the Honister Pass back to the Keswick area. *Recommended hotels:* In Keswick, KESWICK HOTEL, ROYAL OAK and CASTLERIGG MANOR (unlicensed). On the outskirts DERWENTWATER HOTEL at Portinscale, and LODORE SWISS HOTEL, overlooking Derwentwater, with the famous Lodore Falls in the grounds. Note also THE BRIDGE HOTEL, Buttermere.

Stage 10: Keswick to Monk Fryston, near Selby (121 miles). Those who elect to travel south via the traffic-laden A6 will experience anything but scenic charm and, remembering my terms of reference, I have suggested a route which should well satisfy my inquirer. It leads through Grasmere and Ambleside to Windermere (be sure to drop down to Bowness for the views down Lake Windermere). Then via Crook, make for Kendal, turning left for Skipton and through Wharfedale to Skipton, Otley, Harewood, striking the Great North Road near Brotherton. At the FOX INN turn off and, if there is no signpost, ask for MONK FRYSTON HALL, for here *must* be your objective for the night (so book ahead). A lovely old house with a monastic background, it is now run as a first-class hotel with all modern comforts for its owner, the Duke of Rutland, by interested managers, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. If you cannot get accommodation here, you must foreshorten the journey by stopping at Ilkley, CRAIGLANDS HOTEL, or at Harewood, HAREWOOD ARMS. Altogether an interesting run free from industrialism.

Stage 11: Monk Fryston to Leamington Spa (132 miles). The route sounds rather on the industrial side, but on the whole it is pleasantly free from heavy traffic and there are ring roads around Nottingham and Leicester. From Monk Fryston spend a few minutes in Selby Abbey, then, without further ado, proceed along roads clearly marked "To the South," which join the Great North Road at Bawtry. A few hundred yards south you can say farewell to this A1 by taking the Dukeries road to Nottingham. Follow the ring road signs to Leicester and again skirt Leicester, for Warwick and Leamington Spa. *Recommended hotels and restaurants:* THE WHITE POST RESTAURANT, 13 miles north of Nottingham, on the Dukeries road. THE SPA HOTEL, Leamington Spa; the SWAN'S NEST at Stratford-on-Avon, and for the well-to-dos THE WELCOME, on the outskirts of this Shakespeare town.

Stage 12: Leamington Spa to Cheltenham (180 miles). Having recommended my inquirer to visit Cambridge, I should be remiss if I were to leave out Oxford from this itinerary, and further, all overseas visitors should see something of the Cotswolds, so here is a pleasant 100-mile circuit taking in, after Oxford, Burford, Stow-on-the-Wold, Chipping Campden, Broadway, Winchcombe and Cheltenham. What a galaxy of hotel recommendations! Banbury, WHATELY HALL HOTEL; Oxford, THE RANDOLPH, EASTGATE HOTEL and LINTON LODGE; Burford, THE LAMB; Chipping Campden, COTSWOLD HOUSE; and in Broadway, besides the famous LYGON ARMS, THE BROADWAY HOTEL and, on the outskirts, FARNCOMBE HOUSE and the DORMY HOUSE. Note also, at Winchcombe, THE GEORGE, and in Cheltenham, the QUEENS, PLOUGH, GEORGE, SAVOY and ELLENBOROUGH HOTELS; on the outskirts, GREENWAY HOTEL AND CLUB at Shurdington and ROSSLEY MANOR COUNTRY CLUB, Andoversford.

Stage 13: Cheltenham to Southampton (102 miles). Do not think because of the number this will be an unlucky day. Far from it. In the following places there is something of historic or scenic interest—Cirencester, Malmesbury, Chippenham, Melksham, Westbury, Salisbury, and so to Southampton.

In short, a final hundred miles of Britain's loveliness. If time permits, make detours to Castle Combe, Lacock and Stonehenge, and as your guide to helpful hospitality en route I will direct you to the following: Cirencester, STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL, KING'S HEAD and the CROWN; Westonbirt, near Tetbury, THE HARE & HOUNDS; Castle Combe, THE MANOR HOUSE and the small CASTLE INN; Chippenham, THE ANGEL HOTEL and MOTEL; Melksham, SANDRIDGE PARK HOTEL; Westbury, THE LOPES ARMS; Warminster, THE BELL and the GODDARD ARMS; Salisbury, THE OLD GEORGE and THE KING'S HEAD; and two miles away, THE ROSE & CROWN at Harnham. Note also for a meal in the city the HAUNCH OF VENISON and, at Ower, on the Salisbury/Southampton road, the NEW FOREST MOTEL.

So concludes my fortnight's 14 stages of England and Scotland. Of course, there is much that I have regretfully left out—Chester and Bath, Exeter and Torquay, Canterbury and Rye, Brighton and Bournemouth—but to you, my inquirer, and all who follow my suggestions, I say "Enjoy yourselves and please come again and ask for more." The total mileage without diversions is a little over 1,500 miles. In British history alone you will be able to travel far further back than that. Safe journeyings!

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